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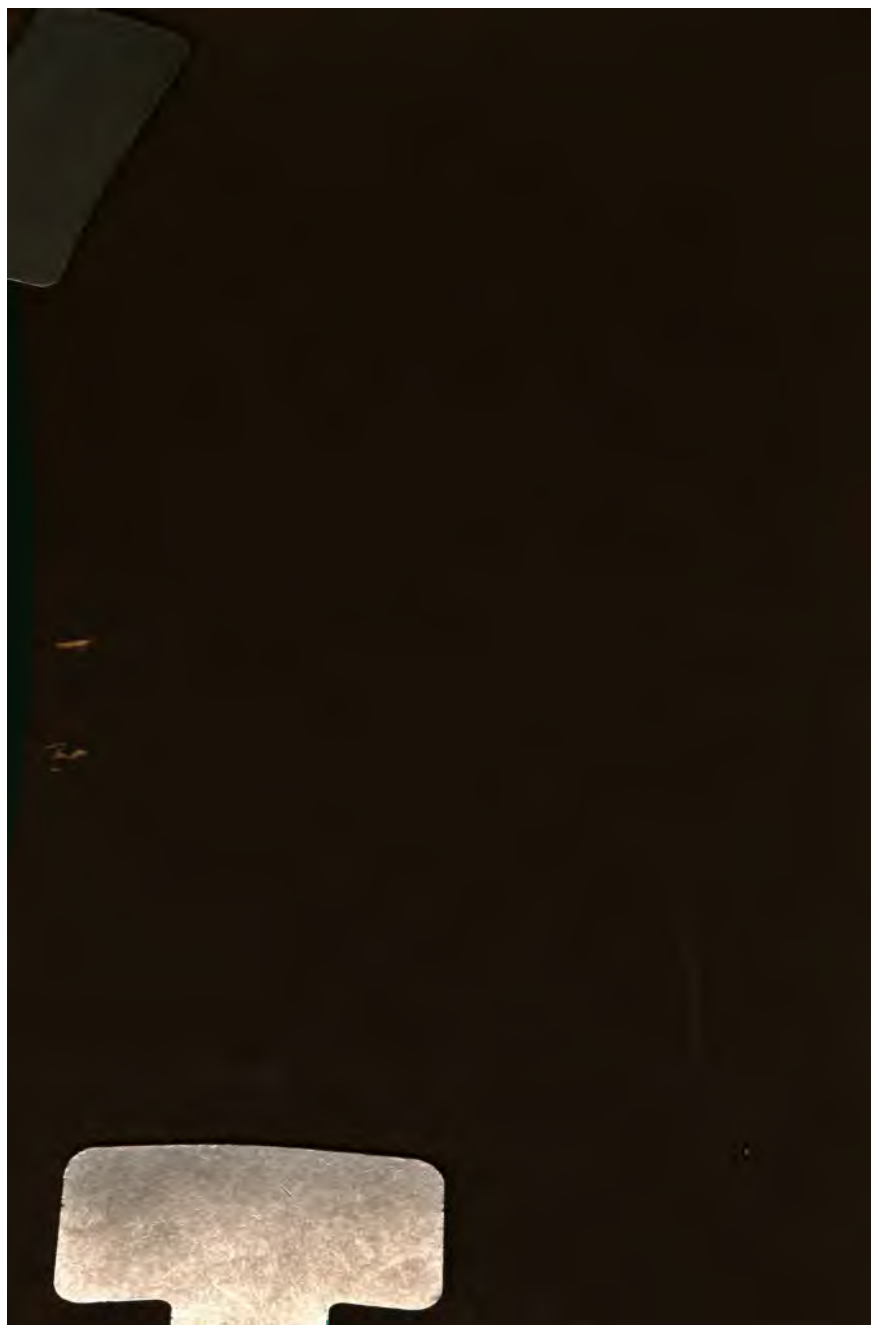
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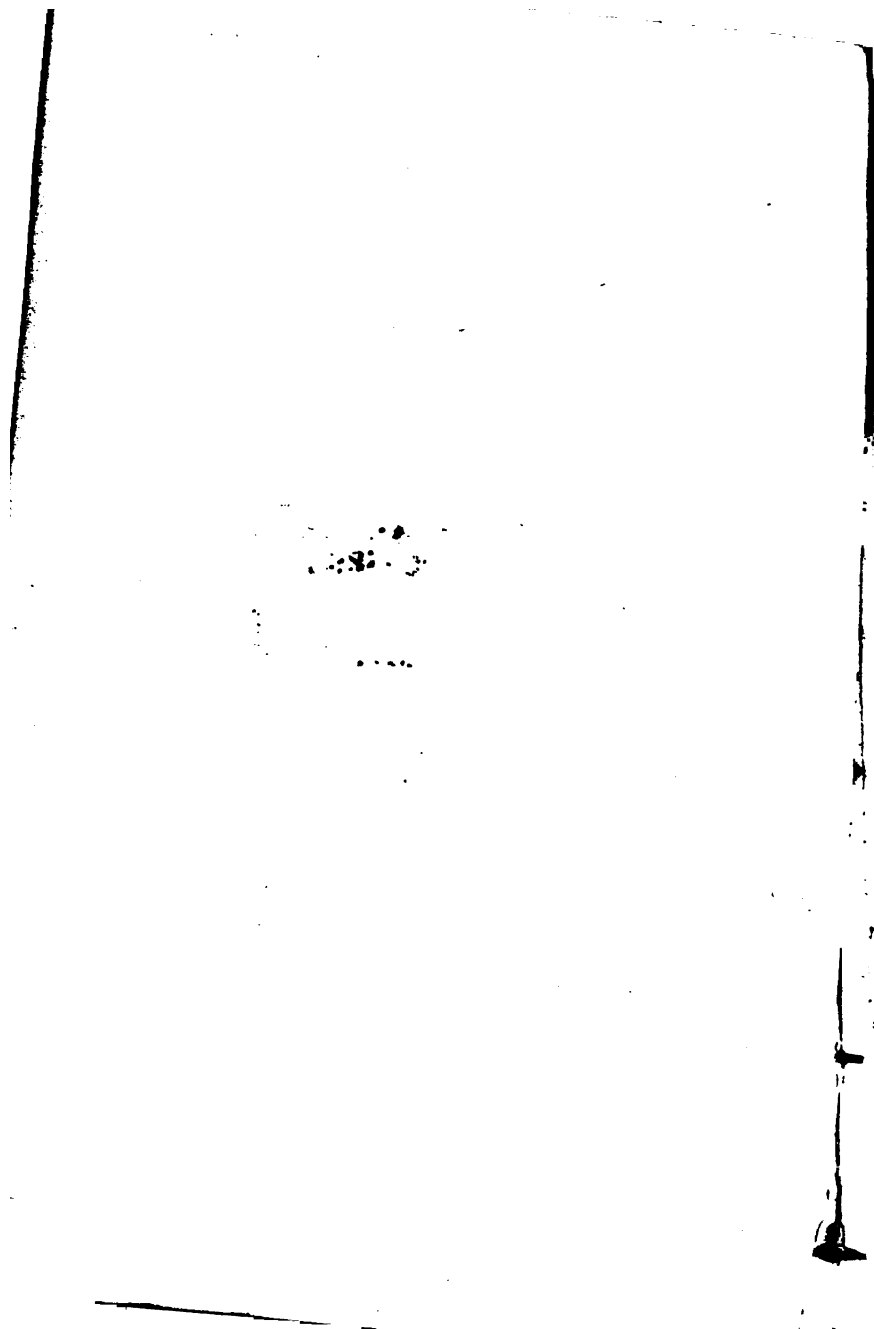
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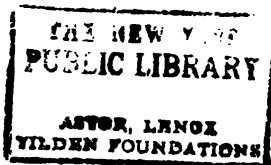
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IN PLEASANT PLACES

MYTHICS

or

WORDS AND QUANTITIES.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

BY B. P. SHILLABER.

"I am no *Poet*, in a sense,
But just a *rhymist* hit by chance,
An' hane to learnin' the next day,
But what the matter?
After my first look on the glance,
I'm at last," BURNS.

CHELSEA:

BY THE AUTHOR.

1874.
K.



B. P. Smith

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LINES IN PLEASANT PLACES.

RHYTHMICS

OF

MANY MOODS AND QUANTITIES.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

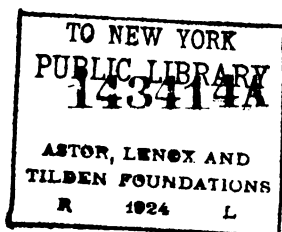
BY B. P. SHILLABER.

"I am nae *Poot*, in a sense,
But just a *Rhymer* like, by chance,
An' hae to learning nae pretence,
But what the matter?
Whene'er my muse does on me glance,
I jingle at her." BURNS.

CHELSEA:
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

1874.

C. K.



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W. W. W. W.
G. L. G.
V. A. V.

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BOSTON STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY,
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PRINTED BY RAND, AVERY AND COMPANY,
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PREFATORY WORDS.

WE are told that when the late Pythagoras discovered his champion problem — the forty-seventh — that is to-day most popular in places where it is least understood, he made a great to-do about it, shouting "Eureka!" and indulging in other eccentric demonstrations; so the author of this unpretending volume, when the idea of publishing came upon him, received it as if it were a new revelation, and said, "I'll print it!" the difference betwixt his ejaculation and that of Pythagoras, aforesaid, being that his was in plain English. But there was a financial difficulty in the way which looked portentous, and then, recalling the aphorism of the eminent financier, who made a fortune by borrowing ninepences, that "friendship unutilized is capital wasted," he drew up the mild appeal to "His Friends," that needs but to be alluded to here, which achieved a success far beyond his expectations, for which he is duly grateful.

The tutelar genius which inspired his previous books, does not prominently appear in this, though the benignant influence of Mrs. Partington may be felt in its pages, warming, by its tranquil glow, without provoking the reader to the frenzy of mirth, and, like Cowper's cup of tea, may "cheer, but not inebriate." Of its literary quality, he will say, that

he has essayed no break-neck Parnassian flights in its production : first, because he could not, which seems to be reason enough ; and second, because he felt content to skirt the mountain, like a brook, rather than climb over it, reflecting as much of heaven's light as there was surface to be shone upon, and cheering as far as possible by his song, without any great pretence to artistic excellence.

The title, *LINES IN PLEASANT PLACES*, is tributary to scenes about which cluster most delightful recollections to the author, in recalling which he believes he will find many sympathizers among those who shared in their participation. A number of pieces not intended for print, make a first claim for public attention, and as what is one man's interest is interesting to all, through the fellow-feeling which makes the world akin, so a general interest may attach to what was merely occasional or personal.

The portrait was not introduced through any prompting of vanity that had survived youth to make age ridiculous, but at the suggestion of the best advisers ; and, thanks to Mr. Adams, of Chelsea, a thorough artist in photography, and the heliography of Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co., the pictured lineaments form a feature of the book ; for which, doubtless, the reader will be duly grateful. It is not as classical as a Greek study, but it presents as many wrinkles, that are not frozen frowns, as the most pretentious of the antiques.

No pains have been spared to produce a book of the best mechanical excellence, for which see respective imprints ; and the author places it in the reader's hands, confident that it will receive all the consideration its merits deserve — and its demerits likewise.



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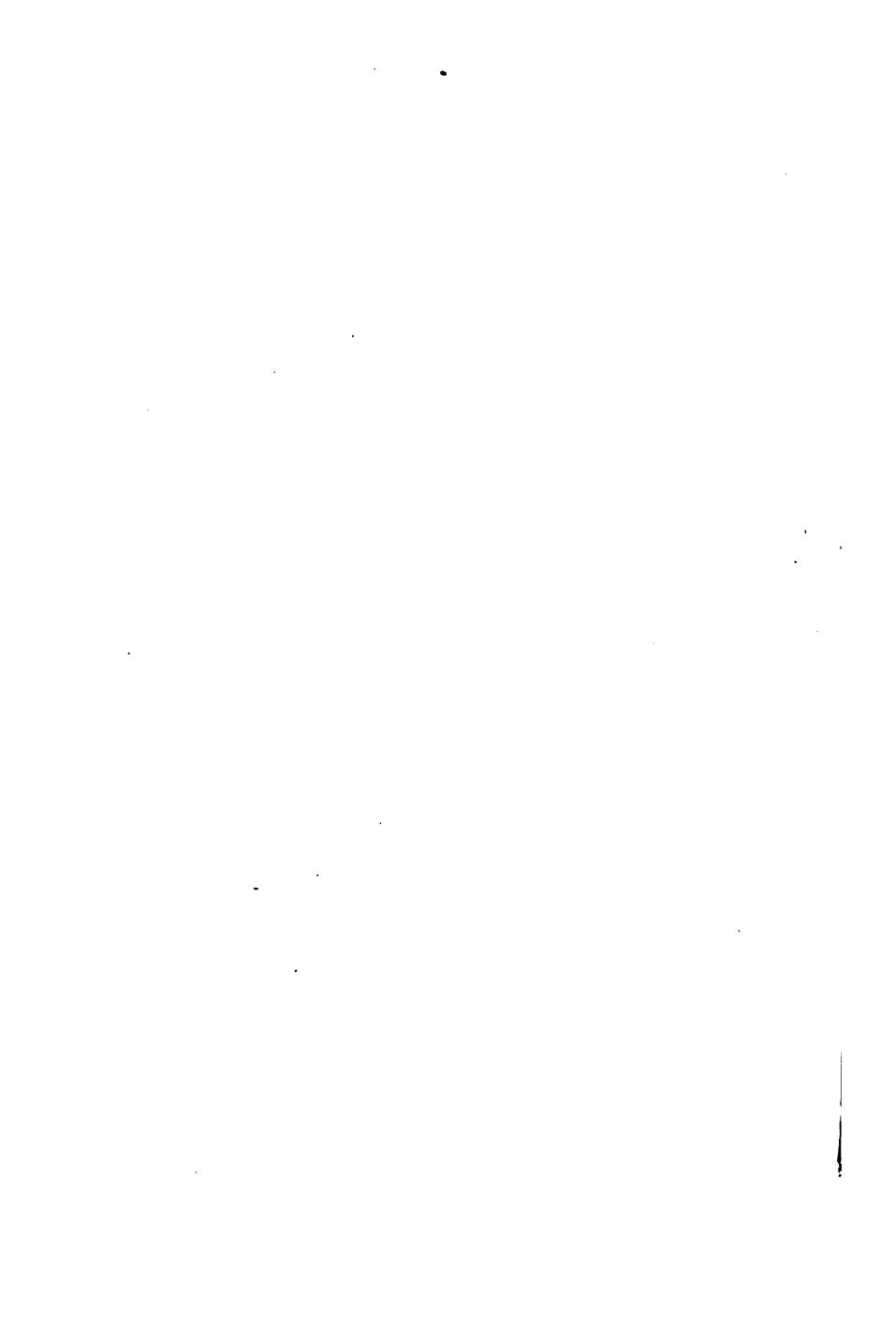
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OCCASIONAL PIECES.

11



LINES IN PLEASANT PLACES.



THE MOUND-BUILDERS.*

IN the "far west" — once reckoned very far —
Our neighbor now, by the fleet railroad car —
Are certain hillocks, rounded in their shape,
That long have set the curious world agape,
Provoking questionings — conundrums rare —
Regarding how they could have happened there ;
Who could have built them — what they did it for —
Whether of peace they grew, or if of war ;
Whether they held the bones of braves in trust,
Or were some ancient Boffin's piles of dust.
"What mean they?" Science cried, with eager glow,
And Echo answered, "Really, I don't know."
Savants have tried to fathom them in vain,
Receiving little for their care and pain :
A bone, perhaps, an antique pipe of clay,
A hatchet made of flint, — yet happy they,
For on the bracket of a single tooth

* Read before Literary Societies of Dartmouth College, July, 1871.

They'd hang immortal theories, forsooth,
Of those who might have lived beyond the flood,
And held their tenure in the primal mud,
Therein abiding in that distant while,
— Dying as soon as they had "made their pile," —
Leaving behind them no authentic trace
If ape or polliwog began the race.
This hint suggests the sympathetic fact
That we with like constructive purpose act,
Heaping up mounds of character for those
Who, after us, our status would disclose,
And scratch beneath the surface, like a hen,
To find out what we were or might have been.
We toil and toil with pertinacious might
To bring our structures to the proper height :
Some scarce perceived above the sod to lift,
Some soaring high with industry and thrift,
Some with benevolence and virtue wrought,
Some beautiful with wisdom and with thought ;
While others — sad reflection ! — highest reared,
Will have the meanest showing, it is feared,
— A sordid, selfish, fraudulent offence, —
Procuring fame, like goods, by false pretence.

I've often wondered if, from some high sphere,
Angels take cognizance of doings here ;
And if they do, what must their notions be
Of what they guess, at times, and what they see,
As, bending o'er the rim of some fair star,
They spend their time divining what we are,
And what we are doing on the ball below

In our excited, strange, and restless show,
Hither and thither rushing, round and round,
Each striving, driving, piling up his mound.
Happy ou · fame if from its heart exhumed
One fossil flower is found that erewhile bloomed, —
One seed of Truth that in the air may grow,
And vital energy and fruitage show ;
Or from its soil one tree be found to spring,
That gratefully abroad its shade may fling,
Beneath whose shelter humble souls may rest
In sweet contentedness and pleasure blest.

We glance about, as on our spades we lean,
And mark the toil of others in the scene,
Each piling on, with busy hand and brain,
Some height of honor or of place to gain.
A welcome privilege, the nonce, is ours
— Granted in boon by overruling powers —
To leave our own small mounds of love or cares,
And look upon, and be the judge of, theirs !
Just as in neighborhoods where every one
Watches for others' faults to pounce upon,
And, in the scrutinizing zeal that's shown,
Forgets, the moment, foibles of his own.

Here Greed's contestants every effort make
All things that come within their reach to take,
Toiling, with aching head and hardening heart,
In known and unknown courses of the mart ;
Selling their comfort and their spirit's peace
To swell the measure of a rich increase ;

With not a thought save on accruing dimes,
The chink of Mammon drowning heavenly chimes ;
With sacrifice of conscience, early seared,
And justice seen through eyes corrupt and bleared.
The late Tom Walker, everybody sees,
Sold not himself more patently than these,
Although the fiend may not the mortgage close,
As terms are easier in these days than those !
We pick their mounds to pieces when they die,
To see what underneath the crust may lie,
— What trace of character may there remain, —
Alas ! we have the western mounds again :
Lots of the dirt, but here and there a speck
Of native worth, surviving honor's wreck,
A few worn bones of principle and worth,
The rest all selfishness and yellow earth.

The Politician with his wary eye
Watches the changes of the party sky,
And plans his tactics to preserve his place
E'en though his country tremble with disgrace.
Like the old vicar of the church of Bray
He trims his sails to winds from any way,
Ready to change as parties make or break,
True to himself whatever course they take,
Pulling all strings that bear upon the dime,
And crawls unshrinking through the dirt and slime ;
Thinks he's a statesman, bound in fame to shine,
But this no more than buttermilk is wine —
A wretched shoddy for the statesman's gown
Stuffed out to win the homage of the town.

(’Tis needless, maybe, to proclaim the fact,
But he with our pure party doesn’t act.)
He rears a mound symmetrical and high,
A goodly outside to the careless eye ;
One honest kick when he has fled away,
And what a mass offensive greets the day ! —
Falsehood and cunning, perfidy and greed,
With not a thing that might for mercy plead.

The Quack—of whate’er name—his craft applies,
And all the cavil of the world defies ;
Isms or medicine pours without a stint
Down human throats through avenues of print,
And gains his point of influence or fame,
His gilded trappings covering up his shame !
We plodders by the way must seek retreat
When his fast horses prance adown the street,
With liveried servants, and such thin veneer
As makes pretence like verity appear.
Or if the quack affects no glittering pride,
Choosing in less pretentious garb to stride,
Alike veneer conceals the fraud below,
And if ’tis false the world don’t care to know,
Taking in blindly that which credence fills,
And bolting false philosophy or pills !
The quack’s mound rises, shadowing the land,
Of fabric fair and architecture grand,
Covered by gilt, in ostentatious guise,
A specious bid for favor in our eyes.
What are its contents when, in after day,
The shell remorselessly is torn away ? —

Pills, stock, and heresies, humbug and pretence,
Without a show of honesty or sense !

The one who yields himself to Fashion's art,
And to his tailor renders up his heart,
Plies his faint brains, in emulous emprise,
By stunning trim his manhood to disguise ;
Succeeding in his effort, day by day,
And butterflying all his life away.
Or Pleasure's votary, whose constant care
Is in some "high old time" to take a share,
And in the crazed abandon of the strife
Forgets the grand realities of life ;
Steeps his weak soul in sensual delight,
And yields himself a slave to appetite.
(O, what a wretched fallacy is this,
That leads him wildered by this road to bliss ;
To find, at last, at no far distant day,
That "good times," in the aggregate, don't pay !)
The puzzled seeker might their mounds invade
And find few obstacles resist the spade —
A tailor's bill, unpaid, a fancy tie,
A willow flask — exhaling ancient rye !

The Honest Man (self-styled), within the law,
Enacts his part without a single flaw.
He notes distinctly the dividing line
Where the illegal and the legal join,
And plants his toes with microscopic care,
Fearing to trespass by a single hair ;
Then mortgages forecloses with a smile,

And big per cents he heaps upon his pile,
Doing whate'er the law will let him do,
— Devouring widows and their houses too, —
Until he dies, his mound of shapely grace
Revealing not a blemish we may trace.
The pick betrays him, and, alone, descried,
Is what he reached and took from t'other side.

And all are balanced by some humble soul,
Whose life is spent 'neath virtue's grand control,
Who, from the love and wish of doing good,
Expands in one sublime beatitude ;
Seeking no glory, but, in noiseless way,
Shedding abroad rare blessing day by day, —
As some sweet rill may make a desert bloom,
And glad its life with verdure and perfume,
The world unheeding that which so doth bless,
By the still mission of unselfishness,
Until it shrinks beneath the fervent sun,
And then is felt the service it has done.
So are the good remembered when they're past,
And all their worth is valued at the last.

Thus builders pile their mounds of mind or pelf,
And each in character transmits himself ;
None moundless, though diversity we trace,
And difference in altitude or grace ;
Piled high with care, cupidity or pride,
With worldly hopes and aims identified,
Or built of Truths that high their summits raise,
Their beauty gladdening the seeker's gaze.

That mound is highest as its base is spread,
When towers among the clouds its lofty head.
This fact recalls the antiquated myth
Of the old devotee, of zealous pith,
Who, with a power by holy frenzy given,
Resolved to build a mound from earth to heaven.
No joint-stock matter this, — though not more wild
Than many by which people are beguiled ;
Man-traps, approved and chartered by the State,
That, like old Samson's foemen lie in wait,
All lovely in the specious dress of ink,
Until the bubble bursts and down they sink ;
The ancient zealot was a grasping elf,
And chose to corner all the stock himself.

And first he drew a circle on the ground
To form the area of his mighty mound.
His stakes being driven he took off his coat,
To his grand work his muscle to devote,
Bending his back with vigor to the task,
Without a question of success to ask.
There's nought like pious muscle to effect
What shrewd religious thinking may project.
Up rose the heap beneath his sturdy might,
Towering and towering to exalted height,
And still he toiled, with a persistent will,
His self-appointed mission to fulfil, —
Smiling to see it rise in upper air,
The bantling of his effort and his prayer.
At length the earth refused atop to stay —
The base too narrow for his grand essay.

Fast as he piled, the sand in drifts did meet,
In crawling eddies, round his stinted feet,
Suggesting plainly he should "change his base"
Ere he could hope to reach the upper space.
It is not told how he the land procured
By which his future triumph was assured,
But, gaining it, he backward made a move,
His heart and eyes fixed hopefully above.
He would not let the edge of his intent
Be turned by any temporal accident,
And so he labored, moving backward still,
As loftier rose his life-embodied hill,
And, when its summit reached the upper deep,
The base comprised the whole world in its sweep!
And then a glory born of joy complete
Filled all his heart with satisfaction sweet;
He'd made his pile by strength devotion lent,
Then died contented, though not worth a cent.
He might have climbed his hill to endless day,
But chose to go the customary way.

From all of which I'd have this manifest —
That every one should do his "level best,"
And make a mound symmetrical and high,
His worth and action to exemplify.
Not bidding for a loud posthumous fame,
But emblemizing deeds much more than name.
It might be pleasant, with our love of praise,
To have admiring crowds their plaudits raise;
But better far than this, as one can deem,
Is the grand fact of being what we seem.

We may make money, such of us as can,
And ne'er forget a moment we are Man ;
Such generous, noble souls as you and I
Would to rare uses make the money fly.
Fortune, howe'er, has ever held in trust
My portion of the soul-corrupting dust,
Fearing, 'twould seem, my lavishness might tend
Too much in acts benevolent to spend.
Grand are those souls, on whom is poured the pelf,
Who lose no portion of their better self!
E'en Impecunius such bestowal sees,
And makes no growl at Fortune's rough decrees,
Investing, with unstinted bounty, such,
With dimes his itching fingers may not touch.
Be politicians, — patriots good and true, —
Your country calls especially to you ;
But not as demagogues to trade and prate,
And let yourself and yours precede the state,
Abusing privilege your station lends,
And looking out for parasites and friends.
Be devotees as pious as you may,
But pray put bigotry at once away ;
Let your devotion, pure, to heaven ascend,
And love to all your earthly doings lend.
Be fashionable, if your tastes incline,
Though better not in borrowed plumage shine.
Remember foppishness shows no advance,
And good taste never means extravagance ;
Money may find a more exalted use
Than hatching goslings from a tailor's goose.
I'd have true Manhood evermore pervade

Each art, profession, enterprise, or trade,
And true nobility of soul enthroned,
Now compromised or utterly disowned.
Whether the mound is built by hand or mind
Integrity should be in all combined.

Ye JUDGES, sitting there, in embryo,
Preserve your ermine in unsullied snow ;
Look well to time before the robe you don,
Nor soil your shoulders ere you put it on.
The highest tribute held by fame in trust
Is that, when justly given, — he was just.

Ye DOCTORS, who prospective pulses feel,
Be faithful in the paths light may reveal ;
Don't let your consciences for gain grow tough,
And ne'er be niggard with your doctor's stuff ;
If called up nights make no ill-natured talk,
But charge it blandly with a double chalk.

Ye LAWYERS, — ready every side to plead ;
To back and fill, advance and then recede, —
If right or wrong a client's cause to bear,
And for its justice neither know nor care,
The merits of a case at once to see,
Commended by a smart retaining fee, —
For you I have but just one little word :
E'er be as honest — as you can afford.

Ye TEACHERS, now prepared the world to show
A part of what you do and think you know,

Don't cram your pupils with the dough of text
Till memory and patience are perplexed ;
Teach them, beyond the books upon your shelves,
And lead their minds to think things out themselves.

Ye MERCHANTS, — missionary aids to thought, —
Whose white sails light from every clime has caught,
Think of the proud position Commerce boasts,
Extending Truth to earth's far-distant coasts, —
Think of the powers that to your sphere belong
To aid the right and subjugate the wrong, —
And never let cupidity come in
To swerve its bent to compromise with sin ;
May honesty e'er justify your sales,
With unshrunk yardsticks and ungrudging scales !

Ye PREACHERS, destined for the sacred place,
Imbibe humility and loving grace,
And strive, the while God's holy word you preach,
To learn and listen, while you talk and teach.
Present the " cloth " as worthy of respect,
And not a trade-mark, merely, for a sect.
And should a higher call, like Samuel's, come,
Don't shrink from it, and say you're not at home ;
We must, you know, all our temptations face,
And circumstance be left to rule each case.

Ye POETS, dwelling in the airs sublime
That blow about our ears in gusts of rhyme,
Forever sing for Truth and Love divine
In strains as good, if possible, as mine.

I close my theme — a mountain in my view —
To be assumed, and added to, by you.
The mounds are waiting, ready to be shown,
As the fair image bides within the stone.
Begin to build, — your just position take, —
Here forge the tools your waiting mounds to make
Roll up your sleeves and enter on your work —
No one to lag, no one his task to shirk ;
Like the old zealot widen out your base,
And, like him, look to heaven with hopeful face ;
Stick to your mound persistently and true,
And dread no failure in the great review,
When angels, searching for its inner plan,
Shall say, approvingly, **HERE WAS A MAN !**



In memory only is it seen,
— In memory may it still be green,
As when, in days of ancient peace,
Old Mr. Mifflin reared his geese,
And Sherburne's Wharf, a spot revered,
In willowy garniture appeared,
And Cellar old and Great Rock gray
Saw rudimental men at play, —
For Innovation's iron hand
Has marred the features of the land,
And the Rock Pasture we are shown
Is not the one we erst have known !
Though other streams more wide may be,
Of import more and majesty,
Yet none from one can e'er bespeak
A warmer love than Walker's Creek.

And thou, remembered Sagamore !
Some fairy pencil traced thy shore,
With most artistic beauties rife
Ere sturdy nature gave it life ;
The woods that skirt thy verdant side
Bow over thee in love and pride,
And lay their shadows there to rest
Upon the pillow of thy breast ;
No sounds of harsh discordance press
To mar thy blessed peacefulness ;
The old pines murmur whisperingly
As if in earnest praise of thee ;
And troops of brilliant loving birds
Sing their delight in joyous words,

Responsive to thine own sweet speech
That breaks in music on thy beach.
Among thy haunts again we've played,
Again along thy shore we've strayed,
And bowed like pilgrims at a shrine
Before thy beauties so divine!
Again our foreheads warm and glowing
Have felt thy crystal coolness flowing,
And love has strengthened in the beam
Reflected from thy shore and stream.

And oft-remembered Frenchman's Lane
Comes up before the mind again,
With brooding shadows dark and dread,
From elms enlacing overhead;
And on a broad flat stone we read
The trace of that perfidious deed,
Where on this spot, long, long ago,
The Frenchman met his mortal woe.
Dread spot! where boys scarce dared to roam
Beyond the evening's early gloam,
For fear lest they might haply meet
The Frenchman in his winding-sheet.
O, glorious myth! that urchins scares,
And saves to Ham his sugar-pears!

And sense and soul must all be dead
When we forget the Fountain Head,
That shrine to which our footsteps strayed,
For rest and solace in its shade,
When parched beneath the summer heat

We've coveted its treasures sweet,
And dipped our pails within the pool
Where bubbled up the waters cool,
In ceaseless, never-tiring flow,
And icy stillness from below,
The while the fife-bird poured his song
Upon the slumbering air along,
Till, taking captive Boyhood's ear,
It bowed in still delight to hear!
Full many a name on that old shrine
Was written in the days lang syne —
Few scarcely dreaming deeper fame
Than that which registered their name!

And memories, like railway trains,
Come freighted, full, of Portsmouth Plains—
That greater field, in Boyhood's view,
Than New Orleans or Waterloo!
With mighty deeds of arms 'tis rife,
And rattling drum and squeaking fife,
And Berr's bunnies, and weary legs,
And apple-juice, and hard-boiled eggs!
Again hear how the music rings,
Where Myers thumbs the catgut strings,
Where, answering to the sounding fiddle,
'Tis "down outside and up the middle,"
And waves of flaming calico
In mighty surges come and go!
Again we see the grand display
Of many a famed "great training day,"
When soldiers brave, in "fixings" fair,

— And some by far the worse for wear —
Meet there in warlike trim to wait,
And show themselves and serve the state, —
The glory and the crowning pride
Of boys and men who stand outside !

Spring Market ! — how affection clings
To thee, best of remembered things !
Delightful 'twas in days of old,
Thy mighty commerce to behold, —
Where, spread around thy circuit wide,
Was seen the fertile country's pride,
That Naiads ere the morning's gleam
Had ferried down the rapid stream.
And vivid thoughts arise of her,
The awful ancient Marriner,
Before whose stern and chilling frown
All predatory schemes went down ;
With whom the fruit-invested pence
Was sole atonement for offence.
There, trickling out from 'neath the hill,
Runs merrily that ceaseless rill,
That never from its fulness shrank
Though myriads from its bounty drank,
And wastes itself in icy flow
Upon the " flagrant " beach below.
How often has that iron bowl
Been blissful to his thirsty soul,
Who, bending double for the prize,
Has crushed his beaver o'er his eyes,
But compensated for his pain

By tasting of its sweets again.
Gray, honored, worn Venetian pile,
Which modern Goths have dared despoil !
Though statelier fabrics rear their forms
Upon thy site, my spirit warms
As it thy glories doth restore,
The pride of swift Piscataqua's shore.
Piscataqua ! that mighty tide,
With all our youthful thoughts allied,
Yet rolls its eddying waves along,
Untiring, ceaseless, free, and strong,
As when with pole and hook and string
We fished for pollock by the " Spring."

And redolent with sulphury smell,
And resonant with gun and bell,
And luminous with fiery light
— The crown of Independence night —
The town Parade, with earnest strife,
Has lost no note of busy life :
The Court House — venerable pile —
In gentle dotage seems to smile ;
The old Town Pump, with outstretched hand,
Like rigid sentinel doth stand ;
Jefferson Hall sends back again
That olden patriotic strain,
That rose when high and low degree
Brought votive gifts to Liberty,
And, rallying, with earnest zeal,
Each twelvemonth saved the commonweal ;
And old Paved Street, with riches dight,
Comes back upon the dreaming sight,

With every gorgeous hue displayed,
As when, upon the sea of trade,
To welcome all auspicious gales,
The hopeful merchant set his sales.
There, like the guardian of the scene,
The North Church stands with solemn mien,
And reverent feelings cluster round
To sanctify the precious ground.
Its spire arises white and high,
Attracting upward still the eye,
A petrified perpetual saint —
A sermon preached in wood and paint!
That bell — the music of whose tone
What Portsmouth ear can e'er disown? —
Yet swings within its ancient tower,
And calls to praise, and calls the hour,
As erst in garrulous pride it swung,
With open mouth and prating tongue,
Like many a mortal we have known
Whose virtue is in sound alone.

An endless task it is to trace
Each olden, well-remembered place,
Or give our heart emotions tone —
The heart must treasure them alone.
There are they evermore portrayed,
The pictures that in youth were made:
The church, the school, the wood, the stream,
All, all return in memory's dream,
And friends and old delights we knew
Still live in retrospection's view.

And olden feeling is restored —
The pleasure beaming round the board
Reveals, in colors strong and clear,
The SPIRIT OF THE PAST is here !
No figment of the brain alone,
But flesh and blood and nerve and bone.
The hands we clasp are sentient things ;
That smile no ghostly radiance flings ;
Those eyes are lit by friendship's beam,
That fades not out as fades a dream ;
These hearts with living pulses beat ;
These tongues with living tones are sweet ;
Those waves of blue that yonder flow
Have nought ethereal in their glow ;
The bright forms glancing by our side
Are objects of terrestrial pride,
Although, adoringly, we're given
To deem them less of earth than heaven.

Then give to Love the sovereign power ;
Let its blest influence rule the hour ;
And, waked anew, may it impart
A warmer sunshine to the heart,
That shall, as once again we roam,
Relume the path that leads to HOME !



TWENTY YEARS LATER.*

GLEAM, waves of swift Piscataqua,
Sing, woods on tranquil Kittery's side,
Shout, Newington upon the Bay,
Ye airs of "Greenland's icy," play,
And Old Rye mingle with the tide ;

Let "kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer ;"
Ring, bells, whose tones o'er Walker's Creek,
Through distant vales, shall echoes seek,
And bring them willing captives here, —

For every heart is full to-day,
And everything, in sweet accord,
Must tributary honors pay,
To recognize the genial sway
Of Joy, the season's sovereign lord.

Our good old Mother spreads her arms
To welcome back her sons to-day,
Who come from worldly strifes and harms,
Responsive to the potent charms
That still among them all hold sway.

* Delivered on the Return of the Sons of Portsmouth, July 4, 1873.

From scenes afar, with lengthened ranks,
They to her side maternal fly,
Forgot the early duteous spansks
That fell in showers upon their flanks
When driven abroad their fate to try.

No cause for murmuring at the fact;
'Twas Providence, in kind disguise,
That sent them off to think and act,
To cultivate the world's great tract,
And make men better and more wise.

This is the mission every "son"
Is obligated to perform;
And, in the long, decisive run,
Invariably it is done,
As all confess with feeling warm.

The pulpit, law, the trades, the mart,
The press, and schools, where'er you search,
Perform, it seems, a better part,
With more efficiency and heart,
When trade-marked by the Old North Church.

How wide they're scattered! every land
And every sea some one may show;
From Egypt's yellow glistening sand,
To where the icy flocs expand,
And the North Pole sticks through the snow.

They take, of course, the foremost place,
 With modesty that is not weak,
And soon as seen a Portsmouth face,
Contestants cease to urge the race,
 Awed into silence by its cheek.

But right the record that they show,
 In worth and manliness and "sich ;"
And every one, as we well know,
Succeeds from the first signal, "Go !"
 And all are virtuous and rich.

But, grandest trait of those who roam,
 Their "hearts untravelled" here have rest ;
E'en though the hair, like ocean foam,
'Circleth the base of thought's high dome,
 They ne'er forget their primal nest.

The "lean and slippered pantaloen,"
 Who "pipes and whistles," minus teeth,
Feels his whole heart with joy attune,
And all the fires of life's young June
 Glowing with ardor underneath.

'Twixt farthest Indus and the Pole,
 Climb heights remote from human tread,
You'll find, cut on that lofty scroll,
Some name, familiar to your soul,
 Carved on the old-time Fountain Head.

One I remember, years aback,
Friend and companion of my youth,
Who early was compelled to pack,
Because police were on his track,
For some small error and unruth.

I heard from him — south, west, and east,
At last as being in Feegee,
Tattooed and feathered, sheared and greased,
Presiding o'er a local feast
Among the islands of the sea.

Another, too, of grotesque mien,
Who mixed with us in boyhood's day,
Lacking the lively "pistareen,"
Put out from home, two days between,
And vanished from these scenes away.

He for a while from sight was lost,
When an exploring sailor man
Saw him, cross-legged, upon a post,
The admiration of a host —
A heathen god in Hindostan.

So when Bill Gibson disappeared,
— That ne'er-do-well, the neighbors' tease --
For whom a fatal end was feared
By that contrivance, looped and geared,
That settles grave delinquencies, —

After long years had passed away,
A traveller 'neath Turkish skies
Saw, clad in elegant array,
With servants rich, in livery gay,
A form that filled him with surprise :

'Twas Bill, whom fate had hither cast,
That his astonished vision saw,
Fanned by four sudras as he passed,
With money and importance vast,
A real seven-tailed bashaw.

So Portsmouth girls in marriage hide,
— Forgotten or unknown their sphere, —
But strong and true the tender pride
Which draws them to the river side,
And here again they reappear.

Ever to Portsmouth instincts true,
We find, what time like this imparts,
That, like the old "dame of the shoe,"
They duty's line have kept in view,
And in their spheres reigned Queens of Hearts.

If lady's, or if humbler role
They're called to, you may bet your life
That, in the atmosphere of soul,
Where the domestic gods control,
No discount's asked for them as wife.

We fain would kiss sweet Mary Ann,
As erst we did in early youth,
But wholly modify our plan
As we behold that other man,
And fear to risk our only tooth.

Why all don't marry, we might quiz,
But if for lack of love or pelf,
That is their own especial "biz ;"
We only know that what is, is,
And each knows how it is herself.

Now "home again," but, O, how changed
Each scene, beneath the flight of years !
The old-time scenery deranged,
The good old neighborhoods estranged —
Recalled through memory and tears.

We scarce a single rood retrace,
—The schools and play-grounds disappeared—
We strive "Old Cellar" to replace,
We miss the "Great Rock's" honest face,
The "Willows" that our boyhood cheered.

"Penhallow's Field" has left no sign,
And structures rise o'er former sites,
Where eager Boyhood watched the shine
Of lightning from the cloudy line
O'er "Christian Shore" on summer nights.

Growth, growth, though not perceived at home,
Steals silently along each track ;
Noted alone by those who roam,
— Seeds germinant in kindred loam, —
Hiding the path on looking back.

And where are they, the loving ones,
We left behind when forth we came?
Dear, unambitious, homebred " Sons !"
They've had their " innings " and their " runs,"
And long ago closed up the game.

Yet here and there a form we meet,
Time-honored relics of the past,
With dimming eyes and lagging feet,
Who our returning presence greet,
Tried, true, and faithful to the last.

The capillary ducts may dry,
The nerves by age may be unstrung,
Passion no more may fire the eye ; —
But, though the faculties deny,
The heart will evermore be young.

I met Apollo here to-day,
— As full of genius as an egg, —
With music, art, and verse in play,
As actively as when away
I went, my destiny to beg.

'Twas MOSKES, not of Horeb fame,
But gentle, tasteful Thomas P.,
Whose heart is lit with art's true flame,
Self-fed, — the more to others' shame, —
A martyr to the Graces three.

And here we meet 'neath native skies,
With soberness and gladness blent;
And our old mother's kindly eyes
Have looked to all our small supplies,
On hospitality in-tent.

God bless her — bless us, every one!
Give pleasure unrestricted power,
And every daughter, every son,
When care again the field hath won,
Shall breathe a blessing on this hour.

The harp that twenty years ago
Made some pretence to lyric fire,
Now halts and slackens in its flow,
Like turgid treacle running slow,
And is at best a feeble lyre;

Yet while its chords can sound a strain,
If not so musical and grand,
'Twill true to this sweet thought remain
That brings us, children, home again,
Beside our mother's knee to stand.

TWENTY-ONE.*

How glad the time when Boyhood hears,
 From Fancy's tongue, in all its ears,
 The prophecy of wealth and fun
 To culminate with twenty-one !
 What glories to the vision ope,
 As Hope unfolds her horoscope !
 What fairy fringes girt around
 The sweep of earth's enchanted bound !
 What myriad promises we see
 Awaiting in the time To-Be ! —
 That golden time of freedom shown,
 When, Manhood gained, we stand alone,
 To sport a bran-new freedom coat,
 And pay a suffrage tax, and vote ;
 To stand for office in the town,
 And be elected or put down ;
 To trot with parties, and abuse
 All who to vote with us refuse ;

* Delivered on the Twenty-first Anniversary of the Star of Bethlehem Lodge, Chelsea, Nov. 7, 1864. The general principle inculcated in this poem will apply, like an almanac calculation, to many latitudes.

In legal right to sell and buy,
With not a soul to question why !

Manhood ! the crown of Nature's plan,
How grand the boon to be a man !
But not in garments' form, alone,
Is that which makes men manly shown ;
Not by the whiskers or the beard,
— A man's monopoly revered, —
For those who wear no beards at all,
Or clothes that one might manly call,
Move in the world with mind and heart,
And act, far best, the manly part ;
And often where supreme success
Has seemed the fruit of manliness,
'Tis half suspected that the aid
Received at home success has made,
Provoking, oftentimes, the jest,
That changing garments might be best !
'Tis not the size that manly makes —
A big man may be " no great shakes,"
And one that's small we often see
May yet a monstrous failure be.
'Tis not the beauty of the face
That gives to manliness its grace,
Though manly thoughts do spread a glow
Upon the human face, we know.
The lantern can't illumine a bit
Until the lamp within is lit,
And then, out shining forth, it streams,
To cheer and gladden by its beams.

And time, alone, don't make the man ;
 For eighty years were but a span
 If spent in simply selfish aims,
 Regardless of another's claims.
 A century of sordid strife
 Is but the shadow of a life
 Compared with his who good essays,
 And spends in generous acts his days.
 Old Hunks may ply all trading art
 To pile up dollars in the mart, —
 May have his coffers haply lined
 With greenbacks of the "tender" kind,
 And coupons ready to be met
 In golden eagles, "screaming" yet —
 But what is he, when all is told,
 More than an image made of gold,
 Without the will, the manhood true,
 To exercise the means to do?
 We own no manhood such as this ; .
 For no such luck is ours, I wis,
 As Providence, in kindly mood,
 Keeps from our doors the tempting brood
 That comes with overweening wealth,
 And safely shields our moral health,
 Permitting us to be controlled
 By better qualities than gold !
 We feel the favor, but confess
 It goes beyond our ken to guess
 Why virtuous attributes like ours
 Should be curtailed thus of their powers —

So much of human good to win,
So little of the needed "tin."
The poor for others keenly feel,
And want of cash awakens zeal;
The exercise of constant care
Excites a growth of manhood rare,
Which may not dazzle like the sun,
But, like a stream, its course may run,
Gladdening the banks it flows between
With garniture of living green;
Cheering the heart of tree and flower
By quiet effluence of power;
Speeding its way on tranquilly
Until it meets the eternal sea! —
Such manhood as forever cheers
Along the great highway of years:
Not by the grandeur of its state,
But by its acts more good than great,—
By word or wish in kindness given,
Fraught with the melody of heaven;
True manhood, based on love sublime,
A miracle of good in Time.

A cloud o'er Winnisimmet* hung,
And shadows dwelt its scenes among,
Which with a gloom Tartarean fell
Upon the sons of Ishmael
That in that famed locale are found,
Whose contradictions so abound

* Chelsea.

That it would seem some high decree
Made all agree to disagree.

The faithful 'mid the darkness groped
And prayed for light, and warmly hoped,
Till, through the blackness of the night,
The Star of Bethlehem shed its light,
And in the East, o'er Powderhorn,
A day of radiant joy was born !

As on the old Judean plain
Was heard the glad, sublime refrain,
So did attending angels then
Proclaim good will and peace to men !

As principle, incarnate, moves
Upon its course in human grooves,
The Star assumed terrestrial form,
With attributes and feelings warm,
To speed, with ready will, and aid
Where sorrow's sad appeal was made ;
To reach the hand with pity warm
Where fell severe misfortune's storm ;
To bid the brimming eye o'erflow
While contemplating human woe ;
To pluck up sinking Manhood, tost
On life's dark sea, with hope all lost ;
All human ill to try appease
And lead man heavenward — by degrees !
Imperfect oft, but still it grew,
Fired with the constant wish to do.

And what accomplished? — ask the heart
That caught its gleam in sorrow's smart,
When, 'mid the waves of mortal woe,
Its words were heard in accents low,
Like those of the Almighty will
Which bade the vexéd seas be still ;
The widow, in her stricken state,
When all the world seemed desolate,
What solace on her anguish fell
And made her murmur, " It is well ;"
The brother, in his dying hour,
When earthly scenes had lost their power,
That whispered in his failing ear
Blest words of comfort and of cheer ;
The orphan, in his youthful pain,
Made hopefully to smile again,
Forgetting all his boding fears,
Loving and trusting through his tears.

But just begun the man's career
When boyhood's frailties disappear,
And all the good the past has shown
Is education's germ alone.
The vanished years' important sum
Is but the type of that to come —
Initial hint of work to do,
Success the grand reward in view.

The love we sow in early youth
Will grow in majesty and truth,
And lessons learned, at whate'er cost,

Are never in the future lost.
 And so the seeds that we have strewed
 Along life's thorny, troubled road,
 Grow up to trees, whose branches spread
 And cast their shadows far ahead,
 Or lade the breeze with odors sweet,
 Or scatter blessings round our feet.

In times when 'prentices were free,
 A day they gave to jollity ;
 A "freedom frolic," fraught with fun;
 To crown the welcome twenty-one.
 The glad occasion we recall :
 The egg-nog, supper, and the ball,
 The roaring song, the hearty cheer,
 The wicked pranks, the stories queer ;
 The "old man" joining with the boys
 In all their mirth and all their noise,
 While, looking on with pleasant mien,
 The mistress and the girls are seen,
 To hold in check the rampant mood
 By womanly beatitude.

And we, upon our gala day,
 Throw all disturbing care away,
 To mingle in a festive scene
 Of happiness and joy serene.
 Not with the olden spirit shown,
 But in a nectar of our own —
 A spirit that ne'er burns the lip,
 The spirit of good fellowship ;

While on us beam those loving eyes,
Whose glances and whose smiles we prize,
— Whose influence cheers us as we go, —
That make a heaven, of course, below.
So bards have sung, since early time,
With truth not always found in rhyme.

.

We hear the call of duty plain ;
We see the Star beam forth again,
As erst it fell on Bèthlehem,
— The gem in Night's fair diadem,
That on the brow of darkness lay,
With man's salvation in its ray, —
And taking courage with our view,
We cheerfully the path pursue.

To public eyes the veil we raise,
Not courting scrutiny nor praise ;
Making no meaningless pretence,
And asking nought but confidence.
Though secret are our forms and rites,
That call us out sometimes o' nights,
This thought regard should never lack :
We bring a better feeling back,
To compensate the hearts at home
For all the moments that we roam.

.

No angry eyes or aspect blue
Would e'er be seen — if folks but knew,
And as they don't, we let it rest
Till works make virtue manifest.

O, may the zeal that wakened when
The Star first gave its light to men,
Descend and stimulate each heart
To act with faithfulness its part !
That, when the labor of our love
Is squared by Overseers above,
We may the glad approval hear,
Within our spirit-quicken'd ear :
Good work ! well done, ye good and true ;
Take the reward that is your due.



JUBILEE RHYMES.*

SUBLIME the principle that hither brings
 So many happy souls in one together ;
 To sit beneath our Order's tree, that flings
 Its branches proudly wide this April weather ; —

Whose shoots extend out far o'er land and sea ;
 Whose shadow, calm, refreshes, cheers, and blesses,
 And the grand province of whose ministry
 The heart of man in gratitude confesses.

Its fruits divine of FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH,
 Hang on the bough in ripe luxuriance growing,
 Whose taste shall give the heart perpetual youth —
 The antepast of heavenly pleasures knowing.

FRIENDSHIP! — By what immunity claim we
 A patent o'er the world of friendship purer?
 Men use it, as pretended, constantly,
 And are we in its promises securer?

* Extracts from a Poem read in Boston, April 26, 1869, on the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Establishment of Odd Fellowship in America.

The friendship of the world is selfishness,
Cemented sordidly by base attraction ;
That flees us in the hour of our distress, —
If prosperous, is greedy in exaction.

Who is it gets his name upon your note?
Who backbites, vilifies, defrauds, belies you?
Who steals your wife, your purse, your Sunday coat?
Your friend, of course, and after that defies you.

Our friendship here is based upon a rock —
The ezel stone of solemn obligation ;
That stands a citadel against the shock
Of mercenary or profane temptation.

The word once given, the hand in hand once placed,
The compact lives, and no contingent swindle
E'er mars the strength of obligations traced,
Or tends the faith of Brotherhood to dwindle.

This is the rule — exceptions rare occur
Of friendship lost in unredeeming treason ;
As rare as porcine tendency to fur,
Or hyacinths in huckleberry season.

LOVE! — world-abused — here has a special home ;
A love that's just, and pure, and wise, and human ,
No spasm of an hour to rave and foam,
Crazing the heads of spoony man and woman.

To vent in sighs, and pine away and mope,
And in the gloom of hope despondent languish ;
To see upon a beam a pendent rope,
To end the throes of love's tempestuous anguish ;

That raves in jealous pangs, and storms, and tears,
And weeps and shoots, as fitful as the weather —
As if pure Love, that suffers and forbears,
Could live with Hate in harmony together !

But, in the guise of Charity divine,
Love sweetly stands, beneficence bestowing ;
Around her brow celestial glories shine,
As radiant as the day her features glowing.

She seeks the scene where Poverty prevails,
She pours the balm of heavenly consolation ;
She cheers the heart that Misery assails,
She elevates by holy impartation.

The greatest, best of all the exalted train,
Of gifts to man for his improvement given ;
Hers is the star whose glory shall remain
When fade away the orbs of stellar heaven.

The claim of TRUTH was ne'er more plainly shown
By the Jew leader unto King Darius,
Than it appears in tenets that we own,
Which are, or ought to be, kept sacred by us.

The truth, in dealing betwixt man and man,
Is made incumbent by our rule's exaction ;
And he who lies, at once lies under ban,
Amenable, so held, for law's infraction.

Some may have slips—the truth comes hard to some—
And lying is so easy and so ready !
They're just like toppers giving up their rum,
And must relapse before they get quite steady.

The Truth should be the Truth, wherever found,
But 'tis so rare, outside, we seldom find it ;
And what seems true within the worldly round,
Nine times in ten a lie lies hid behind it.

Our creed is broad, and acts upon the life,
Too high at points polemical to cavil ;
We shun the courts of fierce sectarian strife,
As roads to Jordan — far too hard to travel.

As citizens, we point them to our acts ;
Ask the collector what return we make him ;
We feel the burden, but accept the facts,
And meet the issue like a Mohawk sachem.

Beyond the links that bind us all as one,
We have no " rings " for cheating or deceiving ;
Whiskey through our enclosure does not run —
No actions rest 'gainst us for genteel thieving.

In this we're very Odd, as we behold,
On every hand, such swindling operation ;
'Twould seem the land to fraud and wrong were sold,
Involving it in one grand condemnation.

It may, as in the days of Sodom, be,
When judgment threatens with its doom impending.
Odd Fellowship, in its integrity,
Will interpose to turn the blade descending.

By deeds, not years, we count an active life,
And fifty years of such supreme devotion,
With principle and love of duty rife,
Are more than centuries by common notion.

And good to come takes promise from to-day —
Based on the Past, so full of truth and vigor ;
Though but our spring-time, yet the vernal ray
Dispels all fear of any chilling rigor.

The sun and rain shall give the glad increase,
And crowded wains of benefits accruing,
Shall crown the harvest-home with sheaves of peace,
To bless the workers for their faithful doing.

That Future ! — to its destiny we turn,
And see it rayed with grandest coruscation ;
Its altar-fires on every hill-top burn,
And tenfold light impart throughout the nation.

Its ministry subserves the cause of Peace,
Remembered war in loving kindness merging ;
Bidding the bitterness of hate to cease,
And holding back all hostile billows surging ;

Adding the charm of dignity and grace
To sanctify and consecrate all labor ;
Giving to virtue higher rank and place,
And demonstrating who is the true "neighbor."

.

We're not perfection, — far from it, indeed, —
And long may be the time ere we attain it ;
A tree grows not instantan from the seed,
And strength accrues from effort made to gain it.

And we, united in a purpose true,
Will prove, beyond all sceptical denying,
What Brotherhood, in compact firm, can do,
Upon the anvil of incessant trying.



MODERN CHIVALRY.*

THE days of chivalry have not departed —
The glory of the olden time remains :
Speaking through Manhood, strong and noble-hearted,
Endowed with muscle, energy, and brains.

No whit decrying ancient knightly glory,
We urge a claim commanding for our own,
That writes on current fields more grand a story
Than aught achieved in ages that have flown.

What sense was it to hack, and cut, and harry,
And live in constant peril of the life,
Through tribulation dire to court and marry,
And in an iron suit espouse a wife?

What merit was it to carve up a Paynim,
And hang his head upon the saddle-bow?
Or catch a Jew, and of his ducats drain him,
Then slit his nose and let the Hebrew go?

* Delivered in Charlestown before Cœur de Lion Commandery and a Delegation from Palestine Commandery, Chelsea.

What merit was it to go galivanting,
— With lance in rest, and armed all cap-a-pie,—
The fearful folk with fierce assumption daunting,
And stealing everything that they could see?

What was the sense of their continual straying,
By paths with constant violence bestrewed,
Running the risk, while seeking heathen-slaying,
Of getting, maybe, full as often slewed?

'Twas chivalric to deprecate all labor,
— The land divided into feudal farms,—
With each man's hand upraised against his neighbor,
And even infants always up in arms.

The social qualities were ne'er paraded :
My lady sat, shut in a cage-like tower,
Within a deep seclusion, uninvaded,
No friend with scandal to beguile the hour.

Unless some troubadour, his strains outpouring,
Came to her bower with euphonistic rhyme,
Or some young knight, his queen of love imploring,
The lady passed a very sorry time.

Arrayed in richest silks, with many a jewel,
With maidens plenty to do her behest,
Her fate was like her working worsteds, crewel,
Her days, the semblance of a past unblest.

No concerts, theatres, operas, or dances,
 To female life gave buoyancy and zest;
 The girls made banners for their heroes' lances,
 Or handkerchiefs to wear upon their crest.

The tournament was then the great occasion,
 Where Queens of Beauty gave the meed of fame;
 When cracking heads and murderous abrasion
 Were but incentives to love's tender flame.

And bright eyes flashed at the exploits of valor,
 As horse and rider floundered on the ground,
 Nor bore their part with aught of fear or pallor,
 Where blows, for fun, promiscuous blew around.

Were it in earnest, they, perhaps, might shrink it,
 But simply cutting off a head or two,
 Or carving folks with swords, they didn't think it
 A thing about which to make much ado.

Then every knight, who held a sphere respected,
 Kept in his train a jester, full of jokes,
 Whose gibes, to criticism ne'er subjected,
 Made lots of laughter 'mong the gentlefolks.

Then was a time when oxen whole were roasted,
 And saltless, pepperless, in junks devoured;
 And when the knightly gentlemen were toasted,
 In quarts of wine the deep libation poured.

Then knightly heads did all the needed thinking ;
 The people in benightedness were hid :
 Fighting and robbing, sleeping, eating, drinking,
 Comprised the active business that they did.

The people were not much in scale of being ;
 Once born, the whole in life they had in view
 Was but to see just as their lords were seeing,
 And do just what their lords would have them do.

They had no souls then reckoned worth the saving,
 No souls their own at any point of time ;
 No higher fortune e'er thought they of craving,
 Nor for the future cared a single dime.

But noble men were there the age redeeming,
 Who gave to Chivalry its grandest fame,
 Whose names, from out that past in lustre beaming,
 Our warmest meed of admiration claim.

These rise before us for our emulation —
 In principle and duty ever bright ;
 And may our course, in honest imitation,
 Secure their epitaph at last — GOOD KNIGHT.

We need no armor for our head's protection
 Beyond the good sword hanging at our side,
 One "jab" of which, if given in right direction,
 Settles the hash for him on whom 'tis tried.

A Paynim vile, who dares provoke our anger,
 Never again the outrage will renew ;
 For, with the offence, out comes the trenchant hanger,
 And in a moment we have run him through !

If any heathen round are disappearing,
 Their friends need make no worrying or fuss ;
 They've doubtless gone the way the bad are steering.
 And let the mourners send the bill to us.

But there be Paynims whom the sword can't settle,
 Met with in streets and lanes, than heathens worse,
 Who more than try the heart's determined metal,
 And draw upon the sympathies and purse.

Here gaunt-eyed Want, its famished form uprearing,
 Makes, in sad moans, its eloquent appeals ;
 Here Sin and Wrong, in varied guise appearing,
 The way contest, with Misery at their heels.

Here Virtue shrieks for aid against Oppression ;
 Here Honor constant vindication claims ;
 Here Shoddy flaunts o'er Worth, in strong possession :
 Here brazen Impudence scarce hides its aims.

Here Lust and Pride, a constant warfare waging,
 Summon to guard each intervening gate ;
 While Fraud and Theft, in subtle fight engaging,
 Like Israel Samson's foemen, lie in wait.

All call for vigilance and knightly duty,
To keep true Manhood's 'scutcheon ever bright ;
And here our lists, and here our Queens of Beauty
Award our meed in smiles this festal night.

We make no raids on neighbors who offend us,
Or wrathful vials on their sconces empty ;
We take the weapons prudent counsels lend us,
And kill them off by kindness or — contempt.

We sport no steeds like those which bore to battle
The fierce Paladins in chivalric days ;
We patronize a different sort of cattle,
That draw our horse-cars through our public ways.

But though we own no chargers that inherit
The fire that coursed through ancient equine veins,
We think we've chargers that show equal merit,
Where groceries and things affect our gains.

We quaff no flagons like our predecessors —
As such big measures are not often round ;
We roast no oxen whole, as their possessors
Claim for a sirloin forty cents per pound.

It doesn't take so much to make us merry
As it did those in that rum age sublime ;
We sip our glass of lager, or of sherry,
Or neither do, and have as good a time.

64 *LINES IN PLEASANT PLACES.*

Our Dames of Chivalry have no restriction ;
 A sad temerity were his who'd dare
To strive to hold the reins of jurisdiction,
 And not of government give them a share.

No shutting them in cloister and seclusion,
 No moping they for want of due employ ;
The world pours at their feet its vast profusion,
 With us their knights, all days, to seek their joy.

And in their praise our troubadours are hymning,
 Pouring like pullets their enraptured lays ;
And, quite forgetting bills for extra trimming,
 We hail them pride and glory of our days.

How grand they are in all that's grand, comparing
 With those insipid dames who banners wove,
Worthy of all true knighthood equal sharing,
 The Queens of Beauty and the Queens of Love.

Thus, Then and Now, in candidness contrasting,
 Shows better light and deeds this day of ours,
With guarantees, like buttons, that are lasting,
 And scope for all our elevated powers.

The Cross the ancients reared we still do cherish,
 And keep as ours its venerated sign,
That ne'er through disrespect shall fall or perish,
 Sustained by Cœur de Lion and Palestine.

Its motto ever — “In hoc signo vinces” —
Draws from its scabbard every glistening steel,
And the same glow inspiring Christian princes
Does the most humble of our brethren feel.

Then to the Present give your best endeavor,
To help the Truth and benefit your race ;
Fight the good fight with zeal and might forever,
And follow virtue with an earnest CHASE.



THE PRESS.*

A PLAIN and unimaginative rhyme
Is all I bring to grace your festal time ;
Shrinking to prelude one whose brilliant thought
Must place my drowsy platitudes at nought,
And, with the glow that eloquence inspires,
Put out or "pale my ineffectual fires."
Bards no more dream, but for a purpose act,
And tune their harps to soberness of fact.
So pardon me if I decline to try
My Pegasus in Fancy's burning sky,
And stick to earth with earthly prudence meet,
Unlike those mad aeronauts of Crete,
Who borrowed wings of wax and dared the sun,
And came from the empyrean "by the run."

I sing the Press — the mightiest of tools —
The scourge of tyrants and the plague of fools ;
The Press, with myriad complications fraught,
The grand embodiment of current thought,
— With all the springs and cogs and wheels and cams,
Comprising the realities and shams, —

* Read at Poughkeepsie, June 18, 1873, preceding an Address by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

With misery or benefaction rife,
That form the passing history of life.
Like old Briareus, with his hundred hands ;
— A pen in each, — it scopes all scenes and lands ;
Tells us of sweeping floods and earthquakes dire ;
Of wrecks by sea, and loss by raging fire ;
Tells us of ruling rates in fancy stocks,
And accident that every feeling shocks ;
Tells us just how the world of fashion speeds,
And the last change in politics or creeds ;
Sings us sweet songs and tells us wondrous tales,
And scandals dark that fill the gossip gales.
The Paper, like that sheet let down from heaven,
Which Peter edited, — see Acts, cap. eleven, —
Containing everything of living kind,
Holds up life's transcript to the seeking mind,
Wherein each notes the thing that best agrees
With his or her own whims and sympathies.
Thus Mr. Slow upon his stocks may feed,
And Angelina o'er the romance bleed,
And Georgie glory in the race or fight,
And Aunt Keziah in the deaths delight —
A well-spiced feast on which all love to look,
And with a grateful homage thank the cook.

See the dense columns under General Trade,
Upon the public pocket bent to raid !
Through Fancy's eyes delightedly we pore
O'er trophies brought from many a distant shore,
Commended earnestly to eye and lip,
Without occasion for vexed ownership ;

And wines thus quaffed are better far than those
Which through the palate jeopardize the toes !
Ah, great is Trade ! — we have our every wish,
From thousand dollar shawls to pickled fish.

The Press is Education's dexter hand,
And wields the sceptre of a wide command.
In every hamlet 'mid our native hills,
It pours rich knowledge through a thousand rills,
— Rills, like the gentle brooks which ceaseless run
O'er pebbly beds and glisten in the sun,
Cheering the roots of herbage and of flower,
And giving freshness to the arid hour —
Sweet mental rills, whose sparkling waters wind
Along the beauteous summer meads of mind,
Quickening the precious germs of living truth
Within the warm receptive soil of youth,
Until in efflorescent splendor bright,
A VASSAR gladdens the awakened sight.

Science, once hid in dark mysterious cells,
No longer under ban or shadow dwells ;
Backed by the power the power-press affords,
— More potent far than ugly-tempered swords, —
Upspringing to our view on every side,
The fruits of teeming science are descried ;
The fact matured and the incipient hint
Rushing, together, on the waves of print.

When people party politics perplex,
And all their hearts with earnest seeking vex,

Deeming that they are called by special fate
To rush in timely and redeem the state
—And Heaven knows, and we whose pockets bleed,
How much redemption the poor state doth need! —
When party greed, whate'er its cast or name,
Sinks all pretence to honesty and shame,
The Press its interposing mission fills,
And virtuous counsel lavishly instils;
Proving white black, and honest truth a fib,
Or the reverse of this, with tactics glib,
And daily making, for our wondrous ken,
Big out of what are dreadful little men.

Soft Sentiment! — its votaries through the Press
May glut their tastes with exquisite distress,
And sweet-drawn misery, like molasses, tart,
And thrills, and throbs, and throes that rend the heart,
And pangs, and darts, and agonies that shine,
In many a fond impassioned tender line!
Not beef, by any means; that after comes,
When hunger has a place in loving homes,
And Emeline and Roy — once more awake —
Find twice the nourishment of love — in steak.

Here smiles enkindle where the mad joke gleams,
Through verbal channels, bright as lightning beams,
Or the fierce tumult of a hearty laugh
Crowns the quaint climax of some paragraph,
Rousing the dull, who wonder "what's to pay,"
To make folks chuckle in that noisy way?

The Press, amid a world of care and dole,
Brushes the cobwebs from the dusty soul,
Which, brightening in the sunshine that it flings,
Sees with new eyes a thousand pleasant things ;
Finding life easier by its teachings gay,
With Hope rekindled lighting up the way.

And, bright amid surrounding verbiage,
Records of loving homes illumine the page,
Where fair domestic scenes their charms impart,
And with their pleasant teachings win the heart.
We see some noble duty nobly done,
We see a glorious field and victory won,
We see true Manliness to action rise,
We see Unselfishness in angel guise,
We see meek Patience waiting by the way,
We see sweet Childhood 'mid the flowers at play,
We see calm Resignation's placid brow,
We see the blessings that from Virtue flow ;
The gentle spirit the recital cheers,
And smiles upon it through delighted tears.

And when men die — as die they some time must —
The Press their glories piles above their dust,
And the freed spirits — as some say they do —
Peering with ghostly eyes the papers through,
May read, unheeding, merits of their own,
That all their life long they have never known,
And deeming some one else is praised, may pause
To say, " God bless us, what a man he was ! "

The Pulpit, Physic, Law, lean on the Press
For merit that the world might never guess ;
Their sermons, cases, pleadings scarcely known,
But for their reproduction broadcast thrown,
Puzzled themselves, sometimes, when they have read
Bright things imputed that were never said.
What were a sermon in a vestry's sphere
To that which all the world is glad to hear?
The Poetasters thank the Press for bays,
When they achieve their euphuistic lays,
And Lecturers look eagerly to see
The meed accorded their brain progeny,
When some industrious press-man makes a raid,
And steals and prints their entire stock in trade.
Though some fare bad where the fierce critic's art
Discerns Achilles' vulnerable part,
And, with a cruelty of venom'd wits,
Gives the poor wretch unmitigated " fits."

Thus doth the Press control with magic sway
All matters where Humanity has play.
Its power affects all earthly things and scenes ;
Fixes the price of Liberty and — Beans ;
Soars where the scintillating planets dwell,
And tells us who has groceries to sell ;
Strives for the acme of immortal hope,
And advertises patent shaving soap !
A Prospero upon the mental plain,
It works its magic by the wand of brain ;
— Some, ill-disposed, who fail its power to see,

Spell wand, in malice, with a final t —
It strikes the rock where thought's bright crystals sleep,
And bids them, like old Horeb's waters, leap,
Again to fall upon the thirsty earth
In drops of wisdom or refreshing mirth.
Its nod unchains the fierce impetuous steam
To do its bidding with exultant scream ;
Compels the tide to work its sovereign will,
Compels the winds its flowing sheet to fill,
Compels the untamed lightning yield its aid,
And binds it an auxiliary to trade,
The snowy canvas specks for it the main,
For it the fleetest steeds their sinews strain,
Its wakeful Ariels scale the beaming sky
And look the fiery comets in the eye,
Dig deep in venous caverns of the earth,
And hidden wonders bring to living birth,
Ride on the ice-rim round the Boreal sea,
Or lunch on missionary in Feejee.

Those Ariels of the Press, Reporters hight,
How limitless the compass of their flight !
Nor height nor depth their daring course can stay,
When some fresh item dawns upon their way.
Give Agassiz a bone, and at your wish,
He'll reproduce for you a perfect fish ;
Give a reporter but a timid hint,
And, straight, a column is beheld in print.
Talk of the burning "pencils" of the sun !
What are they all to his official one,
Who, chasing Truth thro' earth, and sea, and sky,

Impales it on its point as 'twere a fly?
"Look comets in the eye," forsooth! 'tis weak
To emblemize his quality of "cheek,"
Who, if Old Nick were near, would straight pursue,
And show him up in some shrewd "interview."

"The pen in hands of men entirely great
Is mightier than the sword," the poets state;
A fact beyond the shadow of a doubt,
That people are continually finding out.
The Editor sits proudly at his post,
In wisdom grand, in potency a host,
The world regards with glance half awe, half dread,
'Twixt doubt to deify or break his head.
Hid by the shadow of the pronoun *WE*,
Old *Tonans* thunders in epitome;
The lightning glares, in sheets inspiring fear, —
Paid in advance — so many dimes per year;
His eagles scream athwart the stormy sky,
And echo answers, "How is that for high?"
Echo, a little slangy, but repeats
That which the eye upon occasion meets,
When, bending for a moment from his state,
The editor forgets that he is great,
And, with a playfulness of tongue or pen,
Speaks, writes, or acts the same as common men.
The one by guilty qualmsiness possessed,
Feels in his peril anything but blest;
Fraud with its gains indifference affects,
But winces inward, and with dread expects;
"Truth crushed to earth" and virtue in distress

Have vindication in the honest press ;
And all grand effort made the world to advance,
Finds in its editor a trenchant lance.

Such is the fact which ideally we see,
But still imperfect is the verity.
Exceptions mar the grandeur of the rule,
For men are weak, and Virtue's fires may cool ;
Pretentious mediocrity have sway,
And principle be measured as 'twill pay ;
Humbug and wealth, allied, successful plead,
And impecunious virtue yield to need.
Alas ! 'tis true — and pity 'tis 'tis true —
That want besets the path that men pursue ;
And being merely men, the truth is plain,
They cannot bear a superhuman strain.
Rare principle alone, is not enough
To meet the claim of life with fortune rough,
Of fashion and its myriad demands,
Which more it craves, the more its scope expands,
And, therefore, yielding to the pressure stout,
They put up shutters and bar conscience out.

Of all vocations 'neath the rolling sun,
Than this of ours there is no nobler one,
And more than King or Kaiser can impart
Is the proud title springing from our art.
To be a *PRINTER* wins a grander fame
Than is permitted more presumptuous claim,
And those who leave the name for other spheres,
Resume it proudly in their after years ;

A fame wherein a FRANKLIN's glory lies,
And tenderly a GREELEY sanctifies.

Then, Brethren, Friends, stand proudly by the Press,
Fraught with such power to benefit and bless !
The people's guard and guide, fail not to see
The full importance of your ministry.
Though virtue be at times its own reward,
Work on in hope, nor rail at fortune hard.
Some seeds grow slowly, and the harvest, late,
May toil and trial poorly compensate,
But, with a conscience clear and motive just,
Press on and ever with unfaltering trust,
— Not the vexed trust the printer frowns upon,
That he would banish from the lexicon, —
Trust that kind Heaven, beneficent and good,
May crown your efforts with beatitude,
And bring to fruitage all the seed you've strewed.



THE PREUX CHEVALIER.*

'Twas in a vision of the night,
That centuries of years passed o'er me,
And, in a blaze of sudden light,
Old Jacques De Molay stood before me.

I knew him by his presence grand —
Armed cap à pie, all iron plated,
A sort of monitor on land,
On whom a thousand forces waited.

I nodded in familiar style ;
He smiled, his courtesy to show me ;
Then took a vacant chair, the while,
And said, " My boy, I see you know me."

" Know you ! who don't ? We look with pride
On what you did for our profession :
You fought and suffered, bled and died,
And roasted — for its truths' possession."

* Read before Winslow Lewis Commandery, Salem, Mass., General William Sutton, E. C.

"Nuff sed!" cried he; "'twas long ago;
I'd quite forgot the smart of frying;
'Tis lucky you don't have to show
Such tests, through such an ordeal trying.

"The stake, I fear, would make you quail" —
"Not it," said I, "if Nannie broils it,
Done to a turn" — Molay turned pale;
"Done!" murmured he; "your punning
spoils it.

"Now pray be quiet while I state
The object of my coming hither;
However good a single pate,
I wish to put our heads together.

"Sir Launfal sought the holy grail,
And found it in poetic vision;
In such direction I should fail —
I seek a practical decision.

"I wish your aid the way to clear,
All intervening clouds to scatter;
I seek the one 'PREUX CHEVALIER,'
And that, you see, is 'what's the matter;'

"For 'mong the knights of these late days,
Are glorious boys, there's no denying,
And who shall wear the crowning bays
Becomes a question nice and trying."

" 'Tis hard to choose from such a crowd,"
I said, " of knights brave to the letter,
But 'tis a proverb long allowed, —
For every best there is a better.

" And should you trust the knights to say
Who was the best, I wage a button,
That every one would vote straightway
To give the palm to W***** S*****."

" By Jove!" said De Molay, "you're right;
I've marked his course with satisfaction;
No truer gentleman or knight
Coins principle to use or action.

" His cheerful face his heart betrays;
His generous hand is ever sowing
Those seeds that in the sun's warm rays
Are into loving fullness growing.

" His praise is spoke by every lip,
No voice was ever raised to doubt him,
And, for all grand, good fellowship,
There's not a streak that's mean about him.

" I've seen him on the tented field,
Where Winter Island dints the ocean,
Where veterans in their marches wheeled
In all the poetry of motion.

“I’ve marked his eye in frenzy roll,
As War’s fierce pageant moved before him,
And seen the ardor of his soul
Blaze in the manner that he bore him.

“Upon the hill his marque stood,
And there, when ceased the stern contention,
His social spirits, like a flood,
Beamed forth, too numerous to mention.

“There flashing wit to popping corks
Gave quick response ’mid glasses’ rattle,
And charging lines of knives and forks
Bore note of epicurean battle ;

“Yet still, as round him raged the strife
Of gastronomic wild invasion,
Reliant on his carving-knife
He met, in full, the ‘great occasion.’

“Full well the golden gift he showed
That you at times enjoy, his brothers, —
The art, most lavishly bestowed,
Of giving happiness to others.

“And I’ve partaken of his cheer,
In ghostly presence never noted,
And know that none in either sphere
Was more to generous deeds devoted.

" In later days, when fearful strife
The nation's very being threatened,
And parricidal hands the knife
With murderous intention whetted, —

" He gave his means, with ready hand,
The flag to save, its stars unriven ;
He cheered the saviors of the land,
He honored those who'd bravely striven.

" He is, in truth, ' Preux Chevalier,'
— I needn't make a further trial, —
And I've a radiant jewel here
That you must bear him — no denial.

" I can't do it myself, you know,
For I should be a ghostly donor ;
You must the gift of love bestow,
And Palestine be guard of honor."

I saw the gift — a sparkling sun,
With brilliants dight of purest water,
As big as pullet eggs each one,
And weighing at the least a quarter.

My hand I held to take the prize,
When some confounded thing or other
Brought consciousness unto my eyes,
And out stepped our illustrious brother.

Yet still enough remained behind
On which to hinge a little story,
And I'm, with all my heart, inclined
In the dreamed Templar's choice to glory, —

Adopt his praise, though wide awake,
— A dream more true was never broken, —
And for my beau ideal take
Him who deserves the Templar's token.

But, 'stead of jewelled gift, we bring
One of still more refined selection,
— A rare and radiant offering, —
Our hearts' warm, unreserved affection.

This is no dream — it conscious dwells,
Of self a part, to alter never:
And he shall be, while feeling wells,
Our own "Preux Chevalier" forever.



ROBERT BURNS.*

My Musie, at your invitation,
Pricked up her ears with animation,
At thought of joining the oblation
 For genius fled,
And shed a new illumination
 Round Burns's head.

Ah! rich the thoughts upon me stealing,
At this reflective hour's unsealing!
His name has wakened trains of feeling
 That fire my soul,
The necromancy true, revealing,
 Of his control.

So sweet, so sacred, and so glowing,
The tide of his warm genius flowing!
The flowers beside its brink upgrowing
 In beauteous art,
And the exhaustless compass showing
 Of every heart.

* Read at Lawrence, Mass., 1874.

The gamut of our common being
His hand has struck, its music freeing,
And, joy or sorrow's cadence keying,
 The world has blest,
And shadows from the spirit fleeing,
 His power confest.

Where heart to heart beats true and tender,
Where Nature smiles in richest splendor,
Where men to justice tribute render,
 Where mirth is stirred,
Where virtue calls for a defender,
 His tones are heard.

But sharp their note when fraud or lying
Against humanity are trying!
With more than scorpion venom vying,
 His satire thrust
Pricks dark Hypocrisy to dying
 In vilest dust.

His heart alive to calls of pity,
His vivid mind of temper witty,
His pluck in fortune's struggles gritty,
 His course he ran ;
A stalwart type, in town or city,
 Of regal MAN.

Not perfect ; ah ! the lad was failing ;
Temptation every side assailing,

Poor Virtue oft times unavailing
 Made weak acclaim ;
But let each tongue desist from railing —
 We're much the same.

They may reproach whose dull blood never
Has rushed tumultuous as a river,
Who ne'er have felt the burning fever
 Of Passion glow,
But kept 'twixt tranquil banks forever,
 As cold as snow.

But when the heart is warm and human,
With latent fires that threat consumin',
That glows with love for man or woman,
 And limit spurns,
Sweet sympathetic beams illumine
 The name of Burns.

O! rather his proud scoriac nature,
That lit with life each noble feature,
And warmed to every fellow-creature,
 Than those dull souls
Which coldly dwarf themselves in stature,
 Where self controls.

But time gives us assurance cheering
That ill in shadow disappearing,

Leaves all the good that was inhering
In grandest light,
For our approval and revering
This natal night.

And here in votive love combining,
We meet, our myrtle wreaths entwining,
To deck his brow with lustre shining
For aye undimmed !
Whose worth in measure undeclining
Will e'er be hymned.



PRESS AND PRESS-PEOPLE.*

WE prize our venerable Art,
Our fondly cherished Alma Mater;
With discipline she tried our heart,
And taught us thus to venerate her.

She strove to rouse ambition up,
To grasp at affluence of knowledge;
She proffered draughts from Wisdom's cup,
That was not filled at school or college.

She pointed, through a thousand doors,
To fields of intellectual clover;
She led where mighty Learning's stores
Awaited for the hungry rover.

Howe'er the butt of fortune's spite,
— Whatever be his lot or station, —
The printer takes the highest flight
Of sublunary aspiration.

* From the Fiftieth Anniversary Poem before the Boston Franklin Typographical Society, January 19, 1874.

And more in these, our modern days,
His mind aspires — we cannot doubt it ;
His office draws his upward gaze,
There is so much up stairs about it.

An alchemist of loftiest ken,
By day and night his head he bothers,
And, patient as a setting hen,
He sets in lead the thoughts of others.

Though some maliciously might hint
That that was hardly transmutation —
Scarce different the thoughts in print
From the original formation.

How multifarious the range
Of his seven-staired exalted mission !
Weaving that web so grand and strange,
The world's news for the next edition :

Here grasping philosophic lore,
Here by Parnassian airs surrounded,
Here where Commercial gems outpour,
Here where by legal fogs confounded ;

Here where mercurial Stocks obtain,
Where Science towards the light is groping ;
Here where Romance gives blissful pain,
Where Truth and Falsity are coping ;

Where Politics make specious claim,
Where Honor takes the votive myrtle, —
He picks away with steady aim,
His scope betwixt the “stick” and “turtle.”

And though he plunge not to the mine
Where Thought's bright jewels lie imbedded,
Some grains upon his garments shine,
The plainer seen if thought is leaded.

And proud are we of those who've sprung
Above the dull and common level;
Who, giants, walk our ways among,
And boast of lineage from the devil.

I mean the printer's imp, of course —
And those who rose from small beginning,
Who mark the time by merit's force,
Continued approbation winning.

There are who with us kindred claim,
Who knew not advent typographic,
But who win affluence and fame
By its control in lore or traffic.

The preacher may essay in vain,
By study o'er the midnight taper,
His immortality to gain,
Without assistance from the paper.

The savant, jurist, poet, were
But delvers in a sphere neglected,
Without the typo's timely care
To make their betterness respected.

And lecturers most grateful feel
— The rostrum's pleasant boards adorning —
Where all their thoughts reporters steal,
And spread them broadcast in the morning.

.
Out from our Mater's sturdy breast,
In proper season's culmination,
A thought in generous kindness dressed,
Became our loved Association.

Benevolence its aim and scope,
With mutual benefit its basis,
It took a place of trust and hope,
And cheered the gloom of darkened places.

'Twas but a little seed at first,
By loving faith unceasing tended ;
But by the dews of heaven 'twas nursed,
And into magnitude ascended.

Until, at fifty honored years,
It calls us to its festal cheering,
With all of memory that endears,
With all the worth that is endearing.

AN OLD TEA-PARTY.*

IN seventeen hundred seventy-three,
A hundred years ago to-day,
A mighty party met at tea
In good old Boston, o'er the way.

'Twas no hilarious, jocund crowd,
Lit up by faces of the fair,
But each one seemed beneath a cloud,
And wore a most determined air.

Within the Old South Church was held
This solemn party quaint and stern,
And all the members seemed impelled
By feelings hostile to the urn!

No choiring melodists outpoured
Upon the wintry air their tunes,
As solemnly the patriots stirred, —
Though very far from being "spoons."

What was the matter with the tea?
Could it not be the genuine hong?

* Read at Chelsea, December 17, 1873.

Was it not steeped sufficiently?
Or was it cooked a bit too strong?

Out then bespoke the patriots tried,
— Not tried by fagot or by law, —
“ Though we have all his tea denied,
King George will pour it down our maw ;

“ For here a cargo bides to-day,
That we must suffer to remain ;
The duty isn't much to pay,
But paying were a deadly stain.

“ Now say, what is it we must do
To clear the irritation out ? ”
Just then a painted Indian crew
Passed by the church with fearful shout.

Undoubted Mohawks, every soul ;
But, strange that Indians thus should choose !
Small-clothes beneath their blankets stole,
And some wore buckles in their shoes.

And then the party straightway broke,
And followed on behind the “ braves ”
To where the ship of which they'd spoke
Sat silently upon the waves.

No word was said, and ere the crew
Or owners had a chance to think,
The hatches from their fastenings broke,
And all the tea was in the “ drink.”

Over the side the chests outpoured
Their Souchong, Hyson, and Bohea,
And not a pound remained on board
For after hospitality.

Then such a shout as rent the skies !
Which, had King Georgius only heard,
It might have made him act more wise,
Than in the after-time occurred.

Later, when gallant Peter Gore,
His lady-love's bright smile did seek,
The kiss he gave her at the door
Transferred some war-paint to her cheek ;

Which, by next morning's light descried,
Made her heart beat a glad refrain ;
And then she almost vowed, with pride,
She'd never wash her face again !

More than a jewel's sheen, she thought,
That spot in other time would bear ;
To have it with her blushes wrought
Would make her beauty doubly fair.

Now, this is why we're here to-night,
With all that heart of man can crave,
With tea in plenty, faces bright,
And everything that's fair and brave :

The frigid gathering of old,
Which ended in that serious fuss,
Was fraught with blessings manifold,
That should be duly felt by us.

Though acrid was the cup they brewed,
In Boston Bay's extensive dish,
A cup of tea from it ensued
Just suited to all patriot wish.

It fired the hearts of Freedom's sons,
It strengthened hope's relaxing powers,
It gave more potency to guns,
It promise lent to darkened hours.

This cup of tea its force still shows :
It late inspired each Northern breast,
And told in triumph o'er the foes
Who strove the Union to molest ;

And as we drink it, and are wise,
Shall we the priceless guerdon gain
That e'er a nation glorifies
Whose honor is without a stain.

This cup, that each partaker cheers,
— A grander man may never see, —
Exalts, inspires, delights, endears :
It is the cup of — LIBERTY !

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.*

VAIN is thy hope, presumptuous Muse, to make
 the mad essay
 To add unto the joyousness that clusters round to-
 day!
 I have no words of eloquence like his who spoke
 before,
 But just a reel of rambling rhymes to read you, —
 nothing more, —
 In which I'll try to tell for you, if you'll indulge
 me so,
 Much that they did and didn't do a hundred years
 ago.

I've had a spirit message come, rapped out in sturdy
 raps,
 From those who years have vanished, but who still
 are on their taps,
 And it gives a pleasant history of things long passed
 away,
 Brought by my grave communicants once more to
 light of day,

* A Poem, following an Address by Rev. Andrew P. Peabody, D. D., at the Centennial Anniversary of the establishment of the Press in New Hampshire. Portsmouth, October 6, 1856.

Who've anxious seemed, although removed, to let
the people know
Just how they managed things down here a hundred
years ago.

Then these were warlike scenes and times — militia-
men were drawn
To march with Pepperell, the knight, and Colonel
William Vaughan ;
And tales of their brave deeds did long by firesides
have renown,
Where bold Sir William, he and Vaughan, to Cha-
peaurouge went down,
And let the French and Indians learn that Yankees
were not slow
In fighting for the cross and crown a hundred years
ago.

Then there were Colonel Atkinson and Colonel Nat.
Meserve,
Two fire-eating sons of guns of most undoubted
nerve,
Who led the brave New Hampshire men by forest
and by sea,
To drive forth from their fastnesses the savage
enemy,
— For the “heathen round about” were strong, and
meant the people woe, —
But Christian prayers, and swords, prevailed a hun-
dred years ago.

But in the midst of war's alarms a peaceful note
befell ;
It was the note from yonder clock that first struck
yonder bell !
Squire Daniel Pierce, the donor, determined by its
chime
To hint to folk, on Life's dull march, the need of
marking time ;
The town received the timely gift, which struck its
primal blow
The twenty-fifth of March, about one hundred
years ago.

Then Mr. Peter Livius, by granting of the town,
Dammed up the creek called Islington, and laid the
draw-bridge down,
Connecting worldly Strawberry Bank with peaceful
Christian Shore,
And building mills that we recall in dusty days of
yore ;
Also the broad tide gates that swung to check the
water's flow ;
A marvel of philosophy a hundred years ago.

Then elemental warfare dire in heaven and earth
awaked,
The fires descended from above, the ground with
terror quaked ;
The people all were much appalled, their hearts with
fear did fail,

And then they bought a fire-engine — then they built
a jail! —

The relevancy do not ask — it matters not to
know —

But things were mixed up terribly a hundred years
ago.

Then lotteries were recognized, and none rebuked
the scheme

To buy a library of books by what we wicked
deem ;

The town a hundred tickets took, the proceeds to
inure

To help erect a tenement in which to keep the
poor ;

But if they blanks or prizes drew, the record does
not show —

Perhaps the fathers were in luck a hundred years ago.

Then the gallows was resorted to in settling mortal
ill,

And Dow, of Hampton Falls, was hanged, who
Peter Clough did kill.

Ah, sadly did he expiate that grievous public
wound —

For every grain of that he did they hanged him by
the Pound !

Of course I mean the cattle-pound — up here a mile
or so,

Where the stray “critters” all were put, a hundred
years ago.

Our sires were loyal to the king, and caps were
wildly swung
When, British arms triumphant, 'twas told glad
crowds among,
And when Quebec was captured, the guns and bells
proclaimed
The joy, and fires on Windmill Hill in cheerful
brightness flamed ;
Processions moved about the streets, and punch in
streams did flow ! —
Ah ! those were rum old times indeed a hundred
years ago.

Then Portsmouth girls were just as fair as those that
greet us now —
A Strawberry Bank pre-eminence, that all did e'er
allow ;
Coquetry then was rarely known and found but sel-
dom dupes,
And dress was rather limited in magnitude of
hoops,
But graces unadorned combined to win them many
a beau
(As now desired by them all) a hundred years
ago.

And then the earnest thinking men began to feel
their night,
They had no sunshine of their own, but moved by
borrowed light ;

They wished intelligence to spread, New Hampshire
wilds to bless,
And Heaven, to cheer their darkness, lent their need
a printing press ;
The old Gazette, time-honored name, then broke the
shell, we know,
A sturdy chicken, hatched by Fowle, a hundred
years ago.

And how the people wondered when first the sheet
appeared !
It was the greatest miracle that e'er their vision
cheered ;
They thought its words of wisdom than Solomon's
more wise,
And Daniel Fowle no vulgar fowl, but Bird of
Paradise ;
And deemed the ancient pressman, Prime (a negro
black as sloe),
More than a common colored man a hundred years
ago.

'Twas no broad acre that of news, for mails were
scarcely known ;
They subject were to obstacles, as well as to the
crown ;
The post came through but once a week, and scarcely
brought a word
That might the pulse of man or mouse in our late
day have stirred ;

Though this perhaps was fast enough when every-
thing was slow,
As we may well suppose it was a hundred years
ago.

And when in Boston there prevailed a fatal pesti-
lence,
And careful Portsmouth selectmen conceived a safety
fence
Across Great Swamp, to head the plague and keep
it from the town,
And smoked the mails (and females too) before
they'd let them down, —
We've wondered how the editor contrived to make
a show,
For local news was very scarce a hundred years ago.

But patrons were more patient then, and did not
make to-do ;
Excuses they admitted and regarded them as true ;
They read the little they obtained, each word upon
the page,
Till bold John Stavers, four-in-hand, appeared upon
the stage ;
And then the mails more steady grew, as he drove
to and fro
The first stage in America a hundred years ago.

There came no quick electric spark along a path of
wire,
To give the people notes from far, of good news or
of dire ;

Elections then were never known, except that Calvin
taught,
And, save the South and old North Church, the
South and North were nought ;
Kansas was not created yet, so far as they could
know
Who printed off the old Gazette a hundred years
ago.

Then poetry ne'er blazed in verse, and sentiment
was rare,
The editor, in language terse, spoke at his subject
square ;
No drops e'er fell upon the page from eyes with sor-
row wet ;
No laughter sprang from printed fun in rich harmo-
nious jet ;
The people were averse to verse, — cared more for
use than show, —
They had no music in their souls a hundred years
ago.

No fashion plates bewitched the maids, in homespun
glories clad,
No flaming advertisements told where luxuries could
be had,
No selling out at less than cost, no bankrupt stocks
of goods,
No damaged articles late wet in some fictitious
floods,

No lure held out to hide the trap that lay concealed
 below,
 For humbug wasn't understood a hundred years
 ago.

Then careful ships three times a year brought tidings
 from beyond
 The dark and stormy waters of the mighty "herring
 pond,"
 Giving the news of other climes, their markets and
 their fights,
 Telling of continental scenes, their wrongs and eke
 their rights,
 Telling of London, and the King, and Parliament
 also —
 Our sires rejoiced in things like these a hundred
 years ago.

People contented were, and still, and plodded on
 their way,
 Scarce ever looking from the town until their dying
 day ;
 And when they shuffled off the coil, they didn't leave
 their ground,
 But even now, as we have shown, they yet are
 knocking round ;
 As was their light they faithful walked, and did their
 work below,
 And "Slow and sure" their motto was a hundred
 years ago.

The raps here ceased ; I asked for more, but only
this could hear :

“ Compare your present with the past and see how
you appear ;

See if your light has been bestowed the public mind
to guide,

Or if a Jack-o’lantern, mere, to dump men in the
tide ;

And if you would be profited by what we hereby
show,

Try to be honest as they were a hundred years
ago.”



AQUEOUS INSPIRATION.*

HERE met at meat, as meet it surely is,
 To crown the day with festive gratulation,
 There's gladness beaming from each open phiz,
 And every voice gives note of exultation.

Those smile who win, and we a prize have won —
 Fortune has favored us who rightly sought her ;
 Her blessing comes upon us by the run,
 Like emigrants from Ireland, by water.

It comes to us as did the crystal stream,
 When Moses struck the rock to squelch the
 doubters,
 Dispelling every dubitative dream,
 And proving the most eloquent of spouters.

And as that stream poured o'er the land of Sin,
 A health-imparting, Jew-reviving river,
 So, sinners, we the corner welcome in,
 And bless the gift, and praise the bounteous Giver.

* Read at the Celebration of the Introduction of Water into Chelsea, November 23, 1867.

Our Horeb, though remote, yet at the nod
Of public will, the water here discloses,
And each committee-man has plied his rod,
And every one has proved himself a Moses.

A modern miracle is theirs, I ween
— Howe'er regarded, it is nothing shorter —
For they have with a necromancy keen
Tapped us "Old Medford" and produced pure
water.

A paradox in this event I claim,
Worthy of philosophical inquiring :
How water, used to subjugate a flame,
Should thus and here each Chelsea heart be
firing!

And every one has water on the brain —
A hydrocephalus of subtlest action ;
But here comes in a paradox again :
'Tis hard to bear, — but, water satisfaction !

We give our tribute to this marriage day
— May not a thought offensive come to dim it ! —
When the fair Mystic gives herself away,
In nuptial bonds to gallant Winnisimmet.

And here about the festal board we meet
To taste the customary fixings bridal,
To wash them down with crystal water sweet,
And pledge the knot just tied in fluid tidal.

No airs convivial are these we breathe —
 Fraught with the odor of inebriation ;
 No toddy blossoms round our glasses wreath,
 And not a nose gives vinous indication.

Up to the brim we fill our "flowing bowls,"
 But heeding wise old Solomon's injunction,
 We'll not in lengthy draughts eclipse our souls,
 Nor mar our pedal's locomotive functions.

This is a drink that ne'er intoxicates —
 At least, those say so, who have always tried it ;
 A little of it somehow satiates,
 When folks have nothing else to drink beside it.

'Tis said by some one who has doubtless tried,
 And drank the fluid with the greatest profit,
 That though one quaff with thirst intensified,
 There's not a headache in a hogshead of it.

Ah, what a living joy this day awakes !
 And woman stands enfranchised and elated ;
 No more forever called to man the brakes,
 To which, by destiny, she has been fated.

The "NORMAN* conquest" makes her free indeed—
 She sees the crown of all her earthly wishes ;
 To bathe in tumblers there's no longer need,
 Nor need of scant baptism of the dishes.

* Mr. Geo. H. Norman was the constructor.

Forth to her hand out pours the grateful stream —
Flows forth to make her former toil diversion ;
Changing the current of her weary dream,
A convert now from sprinkling to immersion !

But Mr. Increase Slow puts down his cane —
A stout opponent of these innovations ;
“ Let washerwomen catch the falling rain ;
Our wells are well enough for all occasions.

“ And then our streets are all dug up and down,
And 'neath our feet an anaconda bedded,
Demoralizing all our ways in town,
And springing up a monster hydrant-headed.

“ Talk of your water's sanitary wealth !
That men should do this is a thing surprising :
A pump's the best auxiliary of health,
And keeps us ruddy with its exercising !”

I asked a big Milesian, t'other day,
What grave he digged beneath our city pavement.”

He leaned a bit upon his spade to say,
“ Of Fogysm, sir, and shmall beravement.”

There is a queer old fellow in our land —
Vox Populi, by name, and he's a grand 'un ;
He sets the Slows aside on every hand,
Nor leaves 'em scarce a single peg to stand on.

They growl and fret, and fume, and prophesy,
 And make essay to stop the ball in motion ;
 When down upon 'em comes Vox Populi,
 And off they go like straws upon the ocean ;

Or, like some thistle that has stoutly tost,
 In fierce resistance to the passing wind,
 Beneath the power of the early Frost,
 It fades, nor leaves a single trace behind.

O Water! sung and praised in many a line,
 We hail thy pleasant advent here among us ;
 We see thy presence in the daylight shine,
 As beauteous as the thought that hope has sung us.

We hear the music of the Naiad's laugh
 In gushing fount and Mystic (water) metre,
 We feel an exaltation as we quaff,
 And than rare wine we own its taste is sweeter.

We give our lays, like water-fowls, and sing,
 In inspiration jubilant or witty,
 And all our pipes in one accord will ring
 In water's praise, and praise of the committee.



A RHYME OF FIVE-AND-TWENTY YEARS.*

“By cool Siloam’s shady rill,”
As cool as wintry airs can make,
We come, our empty cups to fill,
And drink, our thirstiness to slake —
Recalling, as we gather round,
A pilgrimage of smiles and tears,
To-day’s prosperity has crowned,
The end of five-and-twenty years.

Our hearts with love renewed beat high,
And yield responsive to the hour;
All undisturbed our evening sky,
Beneath the influence of its power;
Though cold the air, and hurtling snow,
Without, the shivering flesh assail,
Here, in the light of long ago,
We bid defiance to the gale.

O, Friendship, Love, and Truth, how sweet!
The pleasant song that first ye sung —

* Twenty-fifth Anniversary of Siloam Lodge of Independent Order of Odd Fellows, February 21, 1867.

Of life with mirth and joy replete,
 And flowers to cheer our path along ;
 But, better far than halcyon hours,
 The many trials that we knew,
 Developing our better powers
 In airs beneficent and true.

We are not angels — this we've found —
 The merely human can we claim ;
 But there is music in the sound
 That syllables a brother's name !
 We love him for his faults — our own —
 His virtue more than ours appears ;
 We've tried him by the testing-stone
 Of five-and-twenty searching years.

'Tis good for us to pause a while,
 And glance along the course we've sped :
 At joys that we recall to smile, —
 To yield a tribute to our dead.
 O, many are the mounds revealed,
 Between the present and the past,
 Of those whose fate was early sealed,
 And those who later felt the blast !

In tender trust they're treasured still ;
 And memory, with its verdant wreath,
 Imparts to us to-night a thrill
 For those, the loved, who rest beneath.
 In sweetest peacefulness they rest,
 Their task achieved, their labor o'er ;

O, may the wish inspire each breast
To meet them on the shining shore!

It is no sad refrain I sing —
I'll have no faces long to-night;
Let the glad hours with pleasure wing,
And mirth and music give delight.
No troubled thought should enter here,
To mar the present's festive glow,
Though things unlike to those appear
Of five-and-twenty years ago.

Is that my friend of early youth,
Who with me in the race set out —
His mouth without a single tooth,
His body adipose and stout?
And he, as bald as any plate,
Can that be my young friend of eld?
Time's lightning sure has struck his pate,
And scorched off all the wealth it held!

And there is one of manly mould,
Without a hair inclined to gray,
Who must be — let me see — how old?
Full sixty years, if he's a day.
How is it he, with all his years,
The ravages of Time defies? —
The while I gaze the truth appears:
Like Kirby, in the play, HE DYES!

I knew a tender youngster then —
A boy of unpretending years,

Scarce venturing 'mid the ranks of men,
So full of bashfulness and fears.
I see him here, I think, to-night,
A citizen of good estate,
With wife and daughters fresh and bright,
Himself a very heavy weight.

And there was one of feeble mould,
Quite far from strong, and slim and pale ;
He was so thin he wouldn't hold —
I've seen him try — a glass of ale !
I see him days about the town,
A portly man with ruddy face ;
'Tis said to Windship's he'll go down,
And lift his ton without grimace.

And some in homeliness remain,
As on the day we first set out ;
Old time has tackled them in vain,
And little change has brought about ;
But though thus forced to let them go,
On better looking folks to wait,
Around their eyes the crows' feet show —
I see a stooping in their gait.

Though barred our doors to stranger feet,
Hymen our guardian has passed,
And spread his meshes strong and sweet,
Binding us victims hard and fast.
Yet glad the bond that we have known ;
It is the girdle of our joys,

Circling our hearth-stones like a zone,
Gemmed with a wealth of girls and boys.

Yet there are some, I'm grieved to say,
Who would not yield to love the power,
But drifted in their single way,
From then, down to the present hour.
Alone! ah, sad the word — alone!
To them the future dark appears;
But yet the fault is all their own —
A sin of five-and-twenty years.

Ah, gallant youth! ah, gentle maids!
A quarter century goes by:
Care pays no great respect to braids;
It dims the brightness of the eye:
We see the changing of the tress,
We see the changing of the form,
But still unchanging, ne'ertheless,
The loving heart is true and warm —

Surviving all the grace of earth,
And glowing with a warmth as true
As when, in youth's bright hour of mirth,
It gave itself to me and you!
And here, renewing and renewed,
In radiant eyes, and teeth like pearls,
We see restored in plenitude,
The mothers in their beauteous girls.

Ho! brethren of the frosty pow!
Gone are the raven locks of old,

And wrinkles on each manly brow
 May now in multitudes be told.
 But what of that? The heart is gay,
 Although the head is changed to snow;
 We cannot keep it always May —
 The Autumn must succeed, you know.

May ours a garner prove of peace,
 And Nature's slow descending sun
 Show that, as earthly hours decrease,
 A higher life may have begun —
 Trending towards that province bright,
 The soul in its foreknowing sees,
 Where, in the rare supernal light
 Are gained the heavenly degrees.

O friends, take heart — we're ripening fast,
 And Heaven alone our fates doth hold:
 We know not how our lot is cast,
 Till Time — how long? — the fact has told.
 But long or short, no matter now;
 We have no room for doubts nor fears,
 To the same power our hearts we bow,
 That's kept us five-and-twenty years.

CONTRASTS AND SIMILITUDES.*

THREE Pilgrims of the old Bay State
Have wandered from their friends away,
And rest a bit within your gate,
Their Pilgrim offerings to pay.

Not like the Pilgrims known of yore,
With grizzly beards and scallop shell,
And dusty clothes and pedals sore,
And hardships that were sad to tell.

We do not brag of weary tramps,
Of hungry fasts, and shrines afar ;
Instead of stumps we favor stamps,
And plod it in a railroad car.

We read the story of the two
Who penance did to walk on peas,
The one of whom went glibly through,
The other sore and ill at ease.

* Read on the occasion of a visit to Naomi Lodge of Rebekah, at Providence, R. I.

And when the first was asked how he
 Could walk so easily about,
 Replied, with grinning phiz, " You see,
 I boiled my peas ere I set out."

So easily we come to-night,
 With friendly sympathy aglow ;
 We heard your word of kind invite,
 And like Rebekah said — " I'll go !"

" I'll go !" and this recalls a tale
 We in the good old Bible read,
 Where different customs did prevail
 From those that in these days we heed.

Now, when a young man seeks to wed,
 He wants no fussy parent's aid,
 But puts his best hat on his head,
 And goes right off and asks the maid.

If she says " Yes," why, well and good,
 The old folks all ignored, you see ;
 But things were not so understood
 Down in the land of old Judee.

The patriarch Abraham, well in years,
 Deemed that, before he closed his life,
 'Twere best to seek among his peers
 And find young Israel a wife.

Isaac was only forty-three
When his papa conceived this thought ;
The merest infant, you'll agree,
Whose tender judgment passed for nought.

To years discreet he hadn't come,
And so a servant Abraham sent
To choose a wife, and bring her home,
To share the youthful Israel's tent.

First Abraham prayed and asked a sign,
To show the servant where to go ;
And the far land of sheep and kine
The answering voice of Heaven did show.

But Abraham said that, any how,
His boy no heathen maid should wed ;
And so the servant made a vow,
And straightway to Judea sped.

He'd seen a damsel by a spring,
Revealed on his celestial chart ;
And camels took and many a thing
Likely to win a maiden's heart.

He came unto a Jewish town,
Where, by a wayside sparkling rill,
Maidens at eventide came down
Their jugs and demijohns to fill.

The servant prayed : " Was she with these
 Whom he in his long journey sought?
 If so, Lord, let her serve him, please,
 • And give his kneeling beasts a thought."

He asked the boon, when one straightway
 Drew from the well the water cold,
 And said, " Now drink yourself, sir, pray,
 Then let your beasts drink all they'll hold."

He thanked her for her courtesy,
 In good old-fashioned Bible way, —
 Speaking in manner somewhat free,
 Without the nonsense of to-day.

He asked her, " Who are you, my dear?"
 Said she, " Rebekah, Bethuel's daughter,
 Grandchild of Nahor, Abraham's frère,
 Come out to draw our folks some water."

And then the servant truly knew
 That she was just the one he sought;
 She was right beautiful to view,
 And innocent in deed and thought.

He on her a rare gift bestowed, —
 Earrings and bracelets pure and bright,
 And asked her if at her abode
 She thought they'd keep him over night.

She pledged him welcome and ran home
Her brother Laban there to tell,
Who with an eager haste did come
Where stood the stranger at the well, —

And took him home, and there he told
The errand which his care so tasked ;
They saw the Lord in all unfold,
But thought Rebekah should be asked.

'Twas very kind in them, no doubt,
To give the maid a chance to choose,
Whom Heaven had formed the match without —
And what if she should dare refuse !

So she was called, and straightway given
All of her mission high to know,
And, seeing 'twas the will of Heaven,
She firmly said at once — I'LL GO !

Never was courtship quicker done,
Never an answer quicker made ;
Were she a more romantic one
The answer might have been delayed.

But 'twas the will of Heaven, you know,
Not reckoned like our common chances ;
Things then were nothing near as slow
As they appear in our romances.

Ah, day of simple blessedness!
 In this thou art appreciated,
 When twenty yards compose a dress,
 The wardrobe twenty duplicated.

No Saratoga trunks were hers,
 Her bridal trip to mar and trammel;
 She made no draft on milliners,
 But took her bundle on a camel.

She had no dread of fortune rough,
 — This simple-hearted Jewish daughter; —
 Perhaps she thought she'd drudged enough,
 And Laban left to draw the water.

So off she went — and none more true,
 As wife and mother, e'er existed,
 Except that fact of Jacob's stew,
 Which I confess seems somewhat twisted.

The meaning of my humble rhyme
 Is in the two words herein quoted:
 I'LL go! — an energy sublime
 Invests the words with zeal devoted.

And the Rebekahs of our day,
 Who the same generous rule pursue,
 Enact in as sublime a way
 The conduct of the gentle Jew.

Where duty's call by them is heard,
Where speaks the heart oppressed by woe,
Where men grow sick with hope deferred,
Their voice responds as then — I'LL GO !

There's hope and blessing in the cup
They pour, dark sorrow to beguile ;
The dying eye with joy lights up
To catch the beaming of their smile.

We have no rings or bracelets fine
To deck the ones we honor so ;
But let us prove the call divine,
And straight they answer it — I'LL GO !

Rebekah prompts our energy,
She strengthens every thought of good,
She leads us hopefully to see
The truth in all vicissitude.

She gives a charm to friendship's claim,
And Love assumes a purer sway
When she divinely feeds the flame
To light us o'er life's troubled way.

We bring no camels in our train,
Nor thirsting men to claim her care ;
But she upon the Judean plain,
Had not, than these, more virtues rare.

And all the hospitable grace
 That in the Jewess fair we see,
 In Rhoda wears as bright a face
 As e'er did hers in old Judee.

And we with imitative mind,
 As such traits our Rebekahs show,
 Feel to hold back no whit inclined,
 But say, like her of old, "I'LL GO!"



AFTER-DINNER EFFORT.*

I RISE responsive to your knead, as the loaf said to
the baker,
Albeit I'm shaking in my shoes, although I'm not a
Shaker ;
And though my rhymes may be devoid of qualifying
reason,
As dry as vernal blossoms are in huckleberry
season,
Still, may be, it is better thus, as I may then be
able
To partly meet your wish, and give you something
dry at table.

Of all the elements of Man, the social and the
jolly
Are pungent condiments that hide his weakness and
his folly,
And though the laugh be banned by some, and
thrown o'er 'mong the vices,
It gives the piquancy to life that pudding gets from
spices.

* Read at the Universalist Festival, in Faneuil Hall, June 28, 1872.

No germ of good is lost the world, but has more
healthy growing
In atmospheres where wit's bright sun beams round
with fervor glowing —
Where humor permeates the soul, and, all its cells
unsealing,
Up spring the seeds of happiness to bloom in flow-
ers of feeling!
E'en "sweet religion," oft obscured by sacerdotal
glamour,
By far more potently proclaims if cheer dictate its
grammar;
No "rhapsody of words," alone, whose trade-mark
is a steeple,
But truth, in smiles, exempling best the "good
news to all people."
Vice gains no help from cheerfulness, and our own
genial poet
Says he "ne'er heard a hearty laugh from out a vil-
lain's throat" —
Pardon the rhyme — 'tis somewhat crude — but do
not snap your bard up,
For he, like bigger bards, some time, may for a rhyme
be hard up.

Where'er the festive board is spread, there mirth is
most resplendent,
With "chunks of wisdom" interblent, and reason
in ascendant;
And of one thing we're pretty sure, that mirth is not
dyspeptic,

As, half from indigestion, come the bigot and the sceptic.

We turn a new leaf in Life's book, with plates illuminated,

And through rare gustatory arts our tastes and minds are sated ;

A while through clear contented eyes in happy mood we see things,

And catch new inspiration from the tinkle of the tea things.

So, there's no time of all the year more grand than this, or pleasant,

That brings, in universal cheer, so many kinfolk present,

From worldly strife, and worldly care, and secular exaction,

To find in social union meet congenial satisfaction.

The old-time Jews were yearly wont Jerusalem to haste to,

And carry up their offerings, and do as they'd a taste to,

Obeying the Mosaic law, and seeing their relations,

And mingling secular, perhaps, with pious operations :

Pot-luck partaking with their friends, or at the hotels stopping,

And giving Moses half the time, and half the time to shopping.

And so our anniversary week—it an undoubted fact is —

Was based on this beneficent and very human practice,
 And, gathering all our interests that yearly have collected,
 Boston becomes Jerusalem by centuries perfected ;
 And like the shoe of the Wandering Jew, by Eugene Sue created,
 Whose seven hob-nails impressed the snow o'er which he peregrinated,
 These seven days on Time's broad plain make evident impression,
 And this, most lasting of them all, by social joy's possession.

We leave our burdens at the door, and enter, warm and glowing,
 As Bunyan's "Pilgrim" cast his pack, and find it, "better going : " —
 Burdens of every weight and form that plague the genus human,
 As discipline or ballast, borne by every man and woman.
 And what a pile they make ! There's home, with cares of mighty meaning —
 The cares of summer dress-making, of cooking or of cleaning ;
 The care of politics, that claims each patriot's attention,
 And leads him through mysterious ways, too numerous to mention ;
 The care of ardent temperance souls, who feel in purpose hearty,

But fear to act lest they, mayhap, should compromise their party ;
The care of hiring pastors of immaculate pretension,
And building churches for their use of such sublime dimension,
That how to pay for them, becomes the hardest to determine,
And far more dues upon them rest than ever fell on Hermon ;
The care of fashion, that controls with power the most provoking,
And influences everything, from preaching down to smoking —
That such controlling bias hath, over all men and women,
The human structure, grand, is made subordinate to trimmin',
And though admitting woman's wrongs—so many,
Heaven bless her ! —
Chivalric man don't clearly see how he can e'er redress her ;
The care of trade's perplexities, and thinking where to borrow
The money that's to pay the note becoming due to-morrow !
I'll not look farther to disclose more than is here depicted,
Lest, haply, I should stumble over something interdicted.
There let cares lie until we leave, no festal feature marring,

For they are some like earthquakes, prone to cause
unpleasant jarring ;
We are better for the brief release, and then, when
we are through it,
We'll dare the fight we are called to wage with bet-
ter pluck to do it.

We take not fellowship with those who are always
sighing, whining,
Who have no word for thankfulness and twenty for
repining,
Who cannot see in Nature's smiles for smiles of
theirs excuses,
And turn the good seen everywhere to melancholy
uses ;
Could such come here and view with me this scene
of happy faces,
'Twould warm their hearts, I know, to feel their
cheer-imparting graces,
Beaming upon them like the sun, prompting a warm
devotion,
And giving what the monarch craved so much — a
new emotion.
Ours is, thank God ! the cheerful heart, that holds
not earth a prison,
Nor gropes within the tomb of joy for that which
has arisen ;
Heaven strews our path with cheerfulness, and grate-
fully we prize it,
As at this passover of soul we yearly realize it.

We have deep sympathy for such as cling to dogmas
dismal,
Who smell, in all life's pleasant things, an atmosphere
abysmal,
Who, with unhealthy fancies fraught, sigh o'er their
neighbor's errors,
And see in all God's attributes no features but his
terrors, —
Consigning those not of their fold to Satan's dark
dominion,
While theirs shall pass the ordeal, and never scorch
a pinion :
With tastes all warped to match their souls, by bigotry
incrusted,
Well was it that to any such the earth was not
trusted —
To mould it and to decorate — there'd be no cheerful
feature,
And mirth would be a tabooed thing in every living
creature.
The trees and flowers would be of drab, the birds
in sables winging,
And nought but dirges be allowed in all their native
singing.
That robin there upon the tree, which wakes me
from my slumbers,
Would tune his throat to other note and trill in
dismal numbers.
The colts that frisk beside their dams would then
repress their ambling,

And lambs would never be allowed to carry on their
gamboling ;
The joyous sea its sportive waves would hold in
strict subjection,
And the glad sun would spend its rays in serious
reflection.
Thank Heaven, the number is but few ; the light of
Truth, downpouring,
Has waked the sleepers in their caves, and set their
spirits soaring ;
The garb of stern theology is seedy grown and tattered,
And the solid shot of living Truth its citadel has
shattered.
No more does difference of sect the status fix for
sinners,
And those who do the right are right, and in the
race are winners.

Bless God for Joy !—it warms the breast and sets its
tide to flowing,
As Spring unseals the vernal brooks, and wakes the
grass to growing ;
Each smile a message from the soul, with joy's efful-
gence shining,
Is prayer and worship unexpressed, that need no
word-defining ;
And upward, onward, moving e'er, accretive force
receiving,
The cheerful soul exemplifies the true "joy of be-
lieving."

WAR LYRICS.

131

MASSACHUSETTS.

I HEAR an army's mighty tread,
And the sound of war's alarms ;
I read a thought, serene but dread,
Written in gleaming arms ;
A solemn purpose fills the air
Like the holy effluence of prayer.

I feel the thrill of a people's heart
In the drum tap's stirring beat,
And the quickened pulse's fervid start
In the rush of hasty feet,
And the gleam of vengeful glances shines
Along the bayonets' glistening lines.

I see a nation's triumph stand
In acts of generous trust,
Where wealth unclasps its iron hand
And scatters the needed dust —
Giving the sinews of golden life
To the holy cause of Freedom's strife.

'Tis Massachusetts' glance of light —
The glare of the glittering steel,

The earnest of her awful might
In the vital thrill we feel,
And her voice is the cannon's blasting breath,
That speaks to Treason the doom of Death.

Honest old Commonwealth ! to thee
Thy children look with pride ;
Thy name a pass-word to the free,
With right identified ;
Thy bidding we hear, like a mother's word,
And our hearts to their deepest depths are stirred.

God bless thee ! every heart outpours,
And every arm grows strong,
From mountain bound to ocean shores,
Thy glory to prolong ;
To live in thy cause is an honor high,
But a greater in such a cause to die.



THE SIXTH AT BALTIMORE.

OUR country called on her sons for aid,
And we shouldered the gun and drew the blade,
Leaving the anvil, the plough, and saw,
To fight for the Union and for law,
— To fight for the flag our fathers bore —
And our pathway led through Baltimore.

There was no moment for doubts or fears,
There was no time for sighs nor tears ;
We said "good by," with hurried breath,
Then marched to the field of life or death,
And fealty to our land we swore
Ere we marched to its aid through Baltimore.

And godly hands in blessing were spread,
And smiles from Beauty were on us shed,
And the starry flag, that we bore in pride,
Was cheered and lauded on every side,
With devotion never known before,
As we took up our march for Baltimore.

'Twas April nineteenth day, and the sun
That had seen the carnage at Lexington,
Shone on us as we took our way

Through lanes of foeman in hate's array,
And a scowling look each stern face wore
That we saw as we marched through Baltimore.

Then hateful glances took sterner form,
And rained upon us a fearful storm ;
Fierce, terrible missiles around us fell,
'Mid oaths that might shame the sons of hell ;
But we quailed not 'mid the angry roar
That swept through the streets of Baltimore.

Not a shout or cry in our ranks was heard,
But our rifles spoke the voiceless word,
And our leaden sentences went deep
To put seditious hearts to sleep ;
But sadly, though sternly, we deplore
Our own brave, fallen at Baltimore.

But the guerdon of glory's for those who fall ;
For the nation's flag is their funeral pall,
And the nation's tears the turf bedew
That covers their hearts so bold and true ;
Deathless are they who life gave o'er
On the bloody pavements of Baltimore.

The dead return, the arms to nerve
And strengthen hearts that else might swerve ;
They speak again, from the silent sod,
In a voice that stirs like the voice of God,
And heroes vow, from their hearts' deep core,
To follow the 'Sixth through Baltimore.

THE WAY WE WENT TO BEAUFORT.

FULL fifty sail we were that day
When out to sea we sped away,
 With a feeling of brooding mystery ;
Bound — there was no telling where ;
But well we knew there was strife to share,
And we felt our mission was bound to bear
 A place in heroic history.

The man at the helm, nothing knew he
As he steered his ship out into the sea,
 On that morn of radiant beauty ;
And the ships outspread their wings, and flew
Like sea-birds over the water blue ;
One thought alone each one of us knew —
 How best to do his duty.

Not a breath of wherefore or why was heard,
Not a doubting thought or a doubting word,
 Or idle speculation ;
But a spirit of inspiring trust
Filled each man's breast, as it always must
When leaders are brave and a cause is just —
 And ours the cause of the nation.

And thus we went — the hurricane's breath
Was felt in our track, like the blast of death,
But we had no thought of turning ;
Onward, and onward, the good fleet sped,
Locked in its breast the secret dread,
To break in gloom over treason's head,
Where — we should soon be learning.

But brave Dupont and Sherman knew
Where the bolt should light, and each gallant crew
Was ready to heed their orders.
Port Royal, ho ! — and a bright warm day ;
We made the land many miles away,
And sullenly there before us lay
Fierce Carolina's borders.

The mystery was all compassed then,
And the heart of seasick weary men
Cheered up, the prospect viewing ;
There is that grit in the human mind,
However gentle, or good, or kind,
That is always to double its fist inclined
When near where a fight is brewing.

The rebel guns waked a fearful note
From our rifled cannon's open throat,
And our shells flew fast and steady.
The battle is over — the strife is done —
The stars and bars from the forts have run —
The blow is struck and victory won —
Beaufort is ours already !

And then we sailed to the beautiful town,
Where we tore the emblem of treason down,
And planted the starry banner;
And the breezes of heaven seemed to play
With the folds in a tender and loving way,
As though they were proud to welcome the day,
And the old familiar manner.

A thrill pervaded the loyal land
When the gladdening tidings came to hand;
Each heart felt joy's emotion;
The cloud of gloom and doubt dispersed,
The sun of hope through the darkness burst,
And the zeal the patriot's heart had nurst
Burned with a warm devotion.



GRIERSON'S RAID.

[Both sides came out of the war about even in the matter of raids, not counting Sherman's March to the Sea.]

WHO has not heard of Grierson's Raid,
And the feats of valor therein displayed?
'Twas a brave, bold dash through the hostile land
That scattered terror on every hand,
Making the rebel heart afraid
At the daring valor of Grierson's Raid!

Over their mountains and over their plains,
The rider his galloping courser strains;
His sword gleams bright in the foeman's face,
And ruin follows his onward pace;
While eyes are sad and hearts dismayed
At the terrible scourge of Grierson's Raid.

Through their cities and over their streams
The flag of the Union once more gleams;
There's a curse on the air, but in under breath,
As the troopers go on their work of death;
Like lightning flashes each loyal blade
To light the path of Grierson's Raid.

Onward, yet onward, O, who may stay
The fiery tide of this fearful day?
It sweeps like a tempest along his path,
And whelms the rebel in vengeful wrath;
The smoking bridge shows War's fierce trade,
And fire and ruin mark Grierson's Raid.

Onward, yet onward, the blazing roof
Echoes in flame to the cavalry hoof;
And fleeing forms in the midnight air,
Revealed by the war-pyre's ruddy glare,
Tell the story, in fear displayed,
Of the woful, terrible Grierson's Raid.

Onward, yet onward, unholden the rein,
Till the Union lines are compassed again,
Where a meed of grateful honors is due
For the troopers bold, and tried, and true;
And history never has deed portrayed
That brighter shines than Grierson's Raid.

And rebel mothers their children shall tell
Of the sudden fear that on them fell,
When, swooping down like a bird on its prey,
The Federal troopers came that way, —
A sad recital as ever was made,
The memories dire of Grierson's Raid.

“POOR BOY!”

“Poor boy!” the mother fondly sighed,
When she had bid the lad farewell,
But in her eye was a lofty pride
That spoke more than her tongue would tell

And though her nature said “poor boy,”
He in her breast held grander place,
And thrilled it with a nobler joy
Than were he heir of wealth and grace.

His was the heart to do and dare
In manly battle with the wrong;
She might not in his conflict share,
But she could yield him and be strong.

“Poor boy!” O, epithet misplaced.
Not poor by laws that reckon worth;
The noblest record fame has traced
Has had no more exalted birth.

The soul that thus in Duty’s path
Bounds forward at its first appeal,

More grandeur in the humblest hath
Than titled state that cannot feel.

Mother, though heavy with your fears,
Throw all your burdening doubts away ;
Discard the ministry of tears —
Your boy is crowned a king to-day !

Not poor ! could you but see the goal
For those the race have nobly run,
'Twould glad your yearning mother-soul
To mark the glory he has won.

Not eighty years of golden sands,
Nor life, though spotless of a shame,
So high an eminence commands
As the young hero's laurelled name.

Thank God, O mother, who hath given
This treasure of immortal price,
That you might render back to Heaven
Your wealth of love as sacrifice.



WAR'S CHANGES.

[Some of the most bellicose men in time of the war, had been, previously, the most strenuous advocates of peace. Mr. Israel Lamb, one thus changed, relates his own experience.]

I CAN'T for the life of me tell what it means,
Or whether if wrong or if right,
But I love to look on militant scenes,
And am spoiling to mix in a fight.

I late was reckoned a peaceable man,
And shrunk at all details of strife;
Now I glory the records of bloodshed to scan
And the savagest havoc of life.

I buy all the extras containing the news,
I read all the bulletin boards,
And 'twixt peace and war the latter I choose,
It such keen excitement affords.

I feel disappointed every day
With the tales of monotonous peace,
And my bump of benevolence dwindles away
As my truculent organs increase.

I never the sight of blood could bear,
I never could kill a fly ;
But now the carnage of war I could share,
And look red strife in the eye.

I've bought me a gun and a bowie-knife,
Take lessons of Salignac,
And dreadfully frighten my timid wife
With talk of defence and attack.

When friends happen in to sup or dine,
I "p'sent arms" when they come ;
I range them in regimental line,
And serve at the tap of the drum.

The baby wakes me up in the night,
I fancy 'tis war's alarms,
I loudly shriek out, "On with the fight—
The Infantry to arms!"

My theory for the change is this,
And strengthened every hour :
The thunder of war has turned, I wis,
My milk of kindness sour.

THE OLD WAR-SHIP.

RESTING idly at the pier,
The old war-ship, grim and drear,
Seems begging for our sympathy as we now pass
her near.

We recall her in her pride,
As she plunged into the tide,
When the gallant Ocean, waiting, claimed her as his
bride.

And trim and taut she lay,
The glory of the bay,
With her energies awakening, all ready for the fray

Up rose her taper spars,
Till they seemed amid the stars,
And at her peak gleamed forth the white and ruby
bars.

And her batteries' grim frown
Seemed to send a challenge down
To foes who might mean ill to the old and quiet
town.

And when her wings she spread,
And o'er the waves she sped,
O, many were the things of pride and hope we said.

But here she is again ;
And what a change is plain,
As we read her glories when first she braved the
main !

Her hulk is soiled and worn,
Of spars and rigging shorn,
And her batteries long since from her embrace were
torn.

And, while resting there, we deem
That she must sadly dream
Of her olden glory lost of the ocean and the stream.

Ah, what a dream is hers !
If every scene recurs
That has made her story famous which no recreancy
blurs.

Her cannon's voice has spoke
Where the waves of battle broke,
And Freedom's strains were heard in the echoes she
awoke.

Adown her sides again
The red blood flows amain,
And the splinters fly around from the showers of iron
rain.

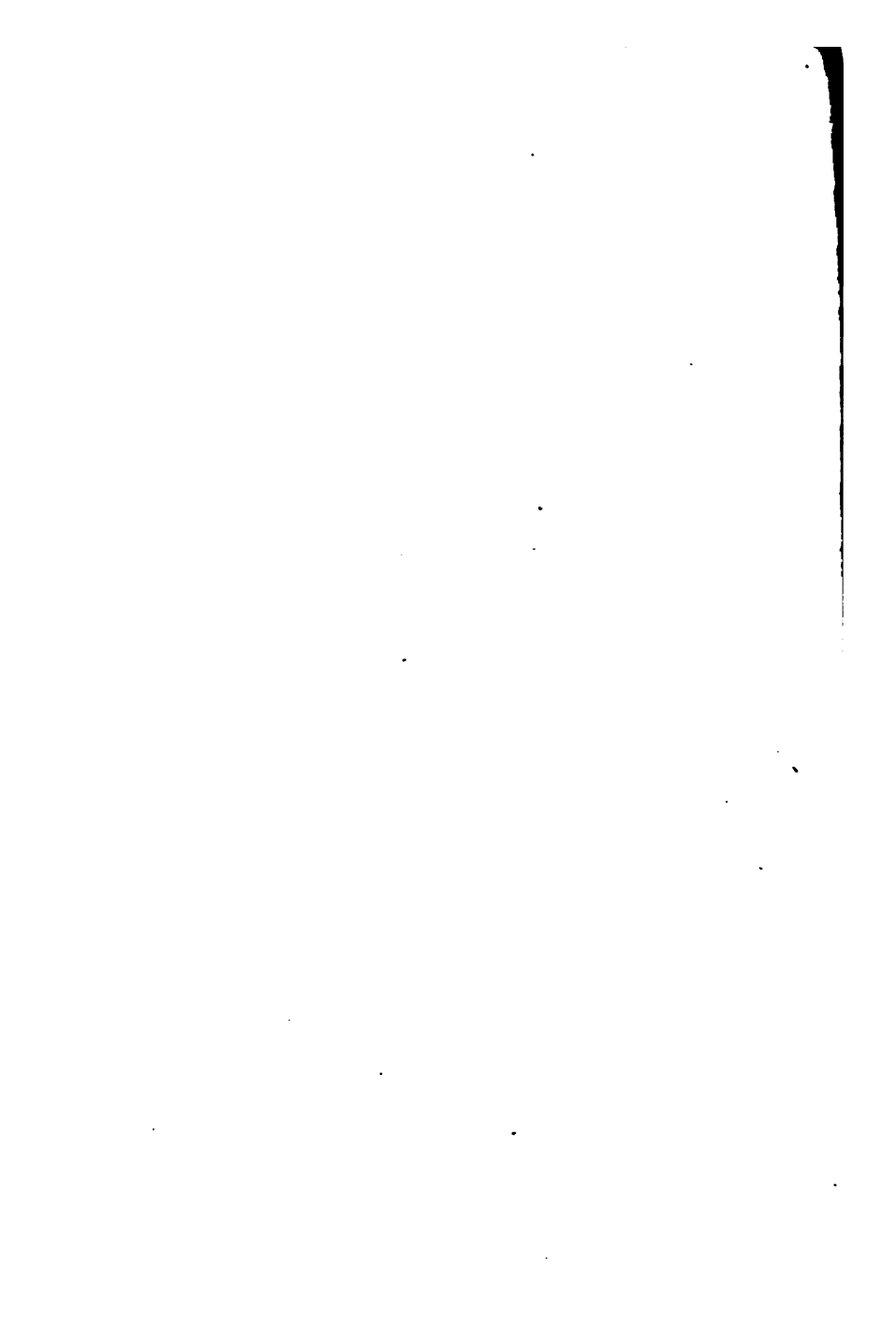
And while her cannons speak,
Again out from her peak
Floats the glory of her ensign that flushes every
cheek.

And we love the old ship more
For the glory given o'er,
Than when with pride we blessed her as she parted
from the shore.



FRIENDLY PERSONALITIES.

149



TO JAMES T. FIELDS.

My dear old friend, — kind, genial James, —
Old Time, that the emotions tames,
Has wrought no change in friendship's claims
 'Twixt you and me,
And now, as when in boyhood's aims,
 We still agree.

In spheres diverse our lots were cast,
And years, in busy purpose passed,
Show us, on summing up at last,
 A different fare ;
But glad am I that fortune fast
 Has been your share.

No truer soul than yours, my friend,
Did ever favoring fates attend,
With power to reach desired end ;
 None more deserving
The boon that Heaven doth kindly send
 For truth unswerving.

Amid the smiles of rich success,
While wealth and fame their claim might press,
No lure could dull the tenderness
 Of early years,
Or make that light of lights grow less
 That still inheres.

I've felt its warmth when cloudy skies
Made all seem dark before my eyes ;
When adverse Fate in sternest guise
 My heart assailed,
You bade my hope again arise,
 And peace prevailed.

And in this grateful frame to-night,
With memory's beacon burning bright,
My pen, instinctive turns to write
 The prompted line,
And pour upon your friendly sight
 This heart of mine.

I may not swell your earthly fame,
With measure of a loud acclaim ;
Do what I may, it were but tame
 To what's been done ;
But in my breast, my friend, your name
 Stands number one.

I'll joy the glad accord to hear
That greets you all days o' the year ;

Beholding your content and cheer
It adds to mine,
And prompts the heartiness sincere
Of auld lang syne.

Accept, dear Fields, the humble strain
That long upon my mind has lain ;
My Muse in your behalf would fain
Much more express,
But trying more (I hence refrain)
Might make it less.



THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

[Fiftieth Anniversary of the Marriage of Elder and Mrs. Moses Howe, New Bedford, Mass.]

“HAIL, wedded love!” thus Milton sung,
With happy and exultant tongue,
Greeting the first pair, fresh and young,
 But more to prize
The love that, in life’s morning sprung,
 Age sanctifies.

At first, ’tis but a roseate gleam,
A strain of music in a dream,
A light upon a tranquil stream,
 No threat of harm,
The smiling heavens a radiant beam
 Of promise warm ;

But the fierce trial happens soon,
The care of life, before its noon,
Chilleth the heart to joy attune,
 And then, perhaps,
Love’s stocks, all up in Hope’s balloon,
 Suffer collapse.

But, when well grounded, cares may press,
And sorrow come, with keen distress,
And fortune fail, no whit the less
Doth true love shine :
It showeth then its power to bless —
Its source divine.

And age may come, its whitening snow
Upon the furrowed brow to throw,
But, with the loving heart aglow,
No icy chill
Will check the spirit's cheerful flow,
Defying ill.

Such love is this we crown to-night,
Which burns more fervent in its light,
As, in his ever-restless flight,
'Tis tried by Time,
And, with a radiance pure and bright,
It glows sublime.

Thank God for wedded love like theirs !
— Meet cause for blessing and for prayers —
Theirs is the bliss the angel shares ;
Their ripened joy,
In home's delightful evening airs,
Hath no alloy.

The golden season of the soul,
Life's Indian Summer's sweet control,

The border-land, with the bright goal
 Broadly in sight,
 That waits the just — Heaven's gracious dole —
 Is theirs to-night.

May their serene descending sun
 Shine back o'er fields of duty done,
 Of strifes encountered — victories won —
 Till, hand in hand,
 They pass, love's endless race to run
 In heaven's blest land.



CONGRATULATORY.

[To S. L. Clemens ("Mark Twain") on his Marriage.]

DEAR brother of the happy pen,
Your card is just beneath my ken
Announcing that 'mongst married men
 You've taken place :
Well, Heaven bless you, "but and ben,"
 With fortune's grace.

There's none deserving more the prize
Of good that 'long life's pathway lies,
Lit by sweet smiles and sunny eyes,
 Than you, my friend ;
And o'er you may benignant skies
 Forever bend.

The world to you a tribute brings
And on your bridal altar flings,
Grateful and glad for myriad things
 Your Muse has lent,
And one grand epithalamium sings
 O'er the event.

We've gloried in the race you've run,
 We've gloried in the fame you've won
 Ere yet your life's meridian sun
 Has gained its height,
 Illuming by its rays of fun
 A pathway bright.

And better far than all, dear Mark,
 Thou'st found the matrimonial ark
 In which the true who there embark
 Find many a charm,
 That Prudence whispers those who hark
 To save from harm.

And I, your latest friend, am fain
 To pour my tributary strain,
 In unpretending rhyming vein,
 And thus appear,
 Invoking blessings on the Twain,
 With heart sincere.

Boston, February 7, 1870.



A RESPONSE.

[On the occasion of a Surprise Visit of old Lodge associates to the Author,
one of the number addressed to him some rhymes, to which the response.]

DEAR Brother Jim: your pleasant rhyming
Set all my memory's bells to chiming,
With that occasion deftly timing,
 And all the past
Flashed up before me like a priming
 In retrocast.

Again the rush of old-time feeling
Came o'er me, 'neath thy rhymes unreeling,
And forms, long hid by time's concealing,
 Passed in review,
Unto my inner sense revealing,
 As good as new.

Came back again the warm emotion,
The offspring of my young devotion,
When youth, then like a smiling ocean,
 Lay bathed in light,
And you and I drank life's blest potion,
 In care's despite.

Came back the glow of love fraternal,
 That then illumed our path diurnal,
 Filling our souls with bliss supernal,
 And round us fell,
 The while we plucked the richest kernel
 From life's rough shell.

Then Siloam's silver stream, o'erflowing,
 Ran sparkling in the sunshine glowing,
 And our young hearts, its virtue knowing,
 Drank in its tide,
 A vein of early wisdom showing,
 Now viewed with pride.

It tempered youth's impetuous fever,
 It prompted us to good endeavor,
 And bade us low pursuits to sever
 That end in shame ;
 To walk in virtue's ways forever,
 Exempt from blame.

It taught us Charity's high mission,
 Controlled by scrupulous prevision ;
 Led on the mind to just decision
 And generous scope,
 And gave the humblest in condition
 The loftiest hope.

Ah, many years have slipped as fleetly,
 Since those old days remembered meetly,

And as your jingle met me sweetly,
The Muse took sway,
And I, a captive made completely,
Was borne away.

How many of the kindly hearted,
Who with us in the journey started,
Have on the longer voyage departed,
And left our side!
How many, ballasted and chartered,
Sank 'neath the tide!

The locks are gray that then were shining,
And wrinkles on the features joining,
And gout and spectacles combining,
The crowd among;
But, ah! the heart's warm tendrils twining,
Are always young.

Dear Jim, 'tis no more summer weather
With any of us, but together
We'll move with hearts of lightest feather,
As erst in youth;
Our Friendship bound with closest tether
In Love and Truth.

TO A POET.

[Who, from the fullness of his own fame and genius, could recognize the claim of a humble aspirant, and give him a word of encouragement.]

A SINGLE seed the waiting air
May to some secret covert bear,
The sun and dew to haply share,
And, soon upsprung,
It blooms in efflorescence fair,
The grass among.

So a small word in kindness said
Has to its soil congenial sped,
Within the heart's receptive bed,
Where, fondly held,
It grew the light of joy to shed,
And gloom dispelled.

Such word by loving lips conveyed,
— Forgotten, may be, soon as made, —
Falls like the rain upon the blade,
That, parched and dry,
Revives beneath its genial aid,
To glad the eye.

It lifts the clouds that life invest,
It gives a right ambition zest,
Makes latent good more manifest,
And Hope is near,
To lead the soul, through pathways blest,
To peace and cheer.

One such, by thee in kindness spoke,
A thrill within my heart awoke,
— A thrill scarce other could evoke, —
And new-found powers
Into more earnest effort broke,
In brighter hours.

The hand that feebly touched the lyre
Felt in its veins unwonted fire,
And trust arose, and new desire,
And spirit free,
Quickening the fancy to aspire,
Because of thee.

More deftly ran the reel of rhyme,
More softly flowed the measured chime
That with the beat of thought kept time,
And though the song
Was neither graceful nor sublime,
Its hope was strong.

Fame's trumpet note may ne'er attend,
To help the struggling thought ascend,
And with supernal glories blend ;

But, more than this,
It to its little sphere may lend
A world of bliss.

The humble brook its song may pour,
The ripple murmur on the shore,
The bird with simple note upsoar,
As perfect shown,
As is Niagara's thunder-roar,
Or tempest's tone.

He that may touch the humblest heart
By stroke of unassuming art,
Acts, in degree, as grand a part
As bards of might,
Who make the world's emotion start
And glow with light.

To sing in gentle, loving lays,
Not waiting for approving bays,
Possessed of such sweet word of praise
As that you spoke,
Were better than the grandest blaze
That Fame e'er woke.

Within my heart of heart I hold,
— Cherished more sacredly than gold,—
That word which made its hopes unfold,
In olden time,
And freights with gratitude untold
My present rhyme.

TRIBUTARY VERSES,

[To H. A. McGlen on the twentieth anniversary of his marriage, November 21, 1864.

A HAPPY sign it is, I wis,
Where, as at seasons such as this,
The feelings glow with primal bliss,
And love, most true,
Asserts itself, with vow and kiss,
As good as new.

Such pauses are like stages passed,
And seated in life's shade, to cast
Our backward glance where, far and fast,
Our steps have sped,
We brave untried the Future, vast,
Without a dread.

Marriage, when "rightly understood,"
Old Cotton sang, is full of good;
And yours is proof that hath withstood
The timely test,
And now, in ripe beatitude,
It beams the best.

Happy are they who thus restore
The time that's past, and live once more
In joys that strewed their path before,
 In love's first state ;
Enough there are who'd this ignore,
 And clean the slate.

And yet, that time of twenty years
In most momentous guise appears,
Marked with its varied hopes and fears,
 And joy and woe ;
But banished have been clouds and tears
 In love's bright glow.

I know the story all by heart,
And know that she, your better part,
Has, by the charm of woman's art,
 As you'll allow, —
Enhanced life's joy and eased its smart,
 As she knew how.

We all the lesson well are taught
That our endeavors are as nought,
Unless, with loving kindness fraught,
 She gives her powers
Of gentle care and tender thought
 To soften ours.

These give the home its joyous zest,
These crown the life with blissful rest,

These soothe the busy, burdened breast
 To tranquil peace,
 And cares, the soul might else infest,
 Forever cease.

And I am of the fact assured,
 That, taking things as they occurred,
 The fun enjoyed, the ills endured,
 In time that's flown,
 A good return you have secured —
 The best one known

With children gathered round your chair,
 A wife your loving thoughts to share,
 And friends in multitude most rare,
 And honest fame,
 In life's great bowl you hold a "spare,"
 And win the game.

And thus, upon your festal night,
 While happiness is burning bright,
 My spirit to your side takes flight,
 On viewless wings,
 And o'er the scene of love and light
 A blessing flings.

A PICTURE.

I PAINT a man of merit rare,
With look of grace and gentle air,
A presence welcome everywhere,
 But strangely shy,
Who might earth's proudest honors share,
 Yet puts them by.

The discords of the world offend ;
He has no hungry ear to lend
To hoarse refrains that to him wend
 Of human strife,
Nor craves with noisy crowds to blend
 That make up life.

He moves the ranks of men among
With absent eye and silent tongue ;
And out where Nature's song is sung
 By myriad choirs,
The tuneful anthem broadcast flung
 His verse inspires.

But, from the bustle of the street,
With quiet throned and converse meet,
Then flow his words in channels sweet,
 With truth imbued,
And hours fly by, on pinions fleet,
 With bright flowers strewed.

But his is no exclusive part ;
He feels for those 'neath sorrow's smart,
Who wander without guide or chart,
 And strikes the strain,
Till softened grows the fallow heart
 That cold hath lain.

Like King Admetus' bard's, his lyre
Pours forth the strain that all admire,
And wakes in other breasts the fire
 Of Hope and Love,
And bids the good in man aspire
 To scenes above.

How grand his strain of faith and trust
That points the mourner from the dust
To where, in airs more pure and just,
 The lost one waits,
Where no obstruction mars nor rusts
 The golden gates !

The dying outcast's " bed of stone,"
The lonely orphan's piteous moan,
The soul from which all hope has flown,
 His pity wake,

And from his muse rare light has shone
Woe's clouds to break.

And royal verse has graced his pen,
Where true nobility in men
Has flashed athwart his vision's ken,
And late it shed
Bright lustre on a hero, when
His spirit fled.*

But whose the portrait? Does it need
That line to give the dullard heed
"This is a man," or some such screed,
To make it clear,
Or do its manly lines, indeed,
Self-shown appear?

Not one whose greatness fills the frame,
With nostrils breathing fire and flame,
Who fights, or trades, or speaks for fame,
Yet grander far
Than these, and more the tongue could name,
As is a star.

* Farragut.

TO WARRINGTON.

[Upon the occasion of the Silver Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Robinson, December 1, 1873.]

My dear old Paladin of Print!
I must complain — the deuce is in't —
That not a relic of the mint
 With me remains,
Of my affection's depth to hint,
 In silvery strains.

But no one of your wedding' guests,
Whose gift his loving heart attests,
More in the silver scene invests
 Than I, old friend;
Though not a stiver manifests
 For me to send.

My heart is yours, this festive time,
As when, in youth's exuberant clime,
We, side by side, in aim sublime,
 Pursued our course;
And STEBBINGS fired both prose and rhyme
 Till they were hoarse.

Since then divergently we've turned ;
 In different schools our tasks have learned,
 But ne'er that early spark have spurned
 — 'Bove party plight —
 That in its fealty has burned
 With constant light.

I've loved your active past to scan,
 Of every movement in the van,
 To lead, to serve — to do, or plan —
 Though not with me ; —
 Wearing that jewel best in man —
 Integrity !

Though striking trenchantly thy hits,
 That give contesting parties " fits,"
 No one who has respect for wit's
 Performance rife
 Can help admitting, though it grits,
 Its manly strife.

An honest purpose guides the blow,
 And public virtue, running slow,
 Like oil in winter, wakes to glow,
 As falls the thong ;
 And " WARRINGTON," in sharpest show,
 Is rarely wrong.

The friendship of life's early hour
 Still holds with unremitting power,

•

And nought that tends the heart to sour
Has hap'd to chill
That accident-implanted flower,
Perennial still.

And so, in lieu of silver dimes,
I send a screed of jingling rhymes
To greet you, at this best of times,
With wishes full,
That, mingling with the wedding chimes,
Mayn't seem so dull.

Wishes are little worth at most ;
Of that which should be but the ghost,
The creaming of a dinner toast, —
But still they show
Just how, upon life's social coast,
The heart would go.

Thus, wishing health, and wealth, and peace,
And love's unlimited increase,
And friendship's presence ne'er to cease,
Content your lot :
No wheel denied the needed grease,
And care forgot. —

Believe me, it is all sincere,
As if 'twere backed by chinking "gear,"
And in my dull seclusion here,
Away in this city,
I say, in tone of heartiest cheer,
Benedicite !

DR. HAYES.

[On his departure for the Hyperborean Regions.]

UNDOUBTEDLY great revelations wait
The search of our indomitable Hayes,
Who boldly knocketh at the Boreal gate,
Ne'er half unfolded to explorer's gaze.
Perhaps 'twill be his enviable fate
To find what makes the borealis blaze,
See the big hole about which Symmes did prate,
That oped its ponderous jaws up thereaways,
Discover and annex another state
That he may govern some of these odd days,
Know if the pole be tall and very straight
About which people long have felt a craze ; —
An ice-king he, about whose regal pate
Shall twine the wreath of many Arctic bays.

NOTE. — The prophecy and hope expressed in the above sonnet were as nearly verified as could, or perhaps ever can be, and the bold determination, endurance, and pluck of the explorer won for him an exalted place among the brave spirits who have dared the same perils that he encountered.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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WHAT MAN DON'T KNOW.

How much men know ! 'Tis a constant brag,
And Science puts on a thousand airs,
As she points to the bright advancing flag
That the names of her many conquests bears ;
But though they are grand as grand can be,
And such vast acquisitions show,
They are but drops to the infinite sea
Of other things that men don't know.

Savants may turn their eyes to the stars,
And scan the wonders depicted there ;
How brief the limit their vision bars
In those ample spaces of upper air !
They may dig deep down in the venous earth,
And weigh each grain of the waiting ground,
But they puzzle over the vagrant birth
Of a chance-sown seed in its dark profound.

They may read the track of the craving tide
That fritters away the sturdy rock,
But mightier mysteries abide
Their pygmy efforts may not unlock ;

They may scale the mountain, and sink the mine,
May measure distance, and vastness scan ;
They know not whence is the diamond's shine,
Nor read in Nature her humblest plan.

And, amid the ranks of men, how dim
Is human vision to reach afar !
Man's brightest glory is but a glim,
To boast the merit of being a star !
Along his journey he haltingly gropes,
With doubtful footsteps and doubtful bent ;
His life composed of guesses and hopes,
In airs of weakness and discontent.

With yearning heart, and with onward glance,
He presses along for the hidden goal,
Unknowing whether each step's advance
May give him pleasure or give him dole —
Not knowing if coming time will bestow
A bed of thorns, or of flowery ease ;
Revealing how much he doesn't know,
But doing the best as far as he sees.

Even the cup of his thirsty need .
— Beaming with seeming truth and love —
He shrinks from tasting, with cautious heed,
Lest bitter the tempting beaker prove.
No finger to point, no tongue to tell,
His longing soul the way to pursue,
He loiters, and ponders deep and well,
With a doleful sigh, " If I only knew ! "

But moving along, by faith imbued,
Though dark the way, it is ever right;
E'en though not seeing the sweet flowers strewed,
They send up fragrance to give delight;
Our hand firm clasped in the Hand unseen,
We catch the note of a distant song,
And onward move to the pastures green,
Where the sight is clear and the day is long.



MY EARLY LOVE.

[On a Picture.]

SWEET effigy of one remote,
 'Neath brighter, fairer skies than ours,
 'Mid atmospheres that round thee float
 Through old Seville's enchanted bowers.

Thy face restores those golden times
 When, by thy side, in tranquil weather,
 We sung our songs and read our rhymes
 In sweetest harmony together.

Thine eyes, upturned with love to mine,
 Thrilled me with feeling true and tender;
 They seemed like lights upon a shrine,
 Illuming with a gentle splendor; —

And from the bright pellucid beam
 That flashed in their resplendent glory,
 I caught the flame that lit my dream —
 A chapter of the same old story!

Thy lips, twin rosebuds, breathing sweet,
 Bewitched me with their ripe caressing;
I placed my heart beneath thy feet,
 And time was joy, and life was blessing.

That brow, the throne of sovereign mind,
 Lies calm as summer lake at even,
Reflecting in its field refined
 The beauties of the over-heaven.

I lived in bliss — a halcyon craze;
 Ah, sad the hour of truth's unsealing!
Hope vanished like a morning haze,
 And left me but the pain of feeling.

A dream, a vision of the night,
 A fond illusion, tinged with roses —
All with the morning taking flight,
 That memory alone discloses.

Hers not the fault, nor mine the fault,
 But inauspicious fortune, rather,
Fate's mandate bade proceedings halt,
 And that same fate my darling's father!

He loved me not, and when aware
 Of what comprised the "situation,"
He drove us to supreme despair
 By his tempestuous objurgation.

He vowed he'd make my love a nun,
And me — the thought e'en now amazes ! —
Should I across his hawser run,
He swore he'd wallop me like blazes !

Thus pressed, were we compelled to part
By that old pirate's interdiction ;
And this true story of the heart
May waken tears at my affliction.



DEBILITY OF THE HEART.

[In the case of a poor woman found dead in South Street Court, Boston, the coroner's jury returned the verdict, "Died from debility of the heart."]

DYING, dying, every day,
In hidden place and by the way :
Where Pleasure's giddy votaries throng,
Where Misery applies its thong,
Where smiles light up the speaking face,
Where Fortune yields its richest grace,
Debility of heart has sway :
Dying, dying, every day !

O, who may know the pangs that wait
On human hearts disconsolate ! —
Unyielding, unremitting pain,
That tears may strive to drown in vain ;
Hope all crushed out, the feelings lone,
Life but an incubus of stone ;
No lift to clouds of drear dismay :
Dying, dying, every day !

Hidden the barb that gives the wound,
No eye may pierce the deep profound

To where the cankering spirit lies,
Concealed 'neath insincerities ;
Feigning that it cannot feel
Beneath the rack's tormenting wheel ;
Fretting its very life away —
Dying, dying, every day !

How many hands are stilly pressed
Upon the aching, wounded breast !
Unvoiced the bitterness that reigns,
No solace for abiding pains,
Which, banked below, must yield no trace
To show in sorrow on the face ;
And thus, though seeming calm and gay,
Dying, dying, every day !

“ Debility of heart ! ” God knows
The depth and breadth of human woes,
Though mortal eyes may never see
The secret springs of misery.
And may God help the ones who feel
The pangs of Grief's envenomed steel,
From which, whatever cause it may,
The poor and rich die every day.

BUT: A TRUTH IN HINDOSTAN.

THE Nabob wakes, and the golden ray,
Upflushing from the kindling day,
Fills him with pride, such pomp to see,
Greeting a nabob grand as he !
BUT the Light, impartial, seeks, as well,
The burdened sudra's darkened cell,
By Brahma sent, whose tender care
Gives rich and poor an equal share.

The Nabob feels the breezes blow,
Cool from the Himalayan snow,
And bares his brow, in his vision dim,
Deeming the blessing all for him !
BUT the Air, on loving mission, seeks
The swart-browed laborer's burning cheeks,
And sports and plays with Poverty's child,
As if rare gems around it smiled.

The Nabob walks in the burning sun,
And marks his shadow before him run ;
Lifting his head, with pride, to see
Reflected his rich pomposity !

BUT the Sun as kindly scatters down
His beams for him in the beggar's gown,
And the turban coarse and the turban fine
Reflect the same in his lavish shine.

The Nabob loves with a warmer glow
Than pulses of common blood can know;
Rare gifts, rare offerings, attest
His love to be, over all, the best!
BUT the Heart with equal fervor teems,
If high or low, with tender dreams,
And all that wealth has e'er confest
Is felt the same in the humblest breast.

The Nabob dies, and what parade
Above his prostrate form is made!
Sure, earth is honored to hold in trust
The treasure of such distinguished dust!
BUT the Grave — the Grave — no favor shows
To rich or poor — to friends or foes —
And the lowliest dust in flowers may spring,
As fair as though it had formed a king.



IL REUMATICO TO HIS PIPE.

“SAW HIM.”

“THE chamber where the good man meets his fate”
— Of poignancies rheumatic and the ills
Attendant, that obtrude to try and vex,
With direful visitings, the weary life, —
Is redolent with odors of Tabac
And liniments unguental that assail
The nostrils with a sharp appeal, until
Sternutatory echoes wake therein,
And oft a word suggestive not of prayer!
That meerschaum there, by generous friendship sent,
Is potent in its ministries when twinge
Spasmodic racks the suffering frame :
Then, when the paroxysms come, filled up
With fragrant “Durham,” and the match
Applied, ascends the curling phantom-cloud,
And mitigates the toe it may not heal.
Divine Tabac ! There be who rail at thee,
And call thee vile ; but, O, ’mid surging pangs,
How sweet the blast that calm nepenthe gives,
Emollient to pain’s pervading thrill,

Which bounds like lightning o'er the trembling nerves
— The soul's surcease from brooding misery.
Give me my meerschaum at a time like this,
And any one may take the doctor's stuff.
I cry, as pangs obtrusive start along
The vibrant cords, "Ache, do your very worst ;
If you can stand it, I can, thus prepared,
And hence defy you !" So the solace comes,
And for the season sweet relief obtains.
Out through the window, on the busy town,
I sit and gaze in pedal helplessness,
Envious of those who lofty ladders climb ;
Or urchins there who dart along the way,
In ragged galligaskins, with their sleds ;
E'en of the dogs, rude exponents of health,
Who tantalize me with their boisterous glee.
Give me my meerschaum, Nannie, and anon,
Through coyish openings in the vapory veil,
I'll see creation in another guise —
All softened to a calm, and harmony,
Most sweet, restored betwixt the world and me.
Run, climb, and wrestle, ye athletes ; to me
'Tis vulgar thus to waste the vital powers,
While I upon the smoke can soar away
In ampler ethers, where sweet flowers exhale,
And airs celestial waft their breezes o'er
Perennial beds of amaranthine bloom !
No ladder rounds can climb as high as this ;
No urchin scale this summit with his sled,
To slide recumbent to the earth again ;
No step profane the precinct honoring me.

Friend and companion of my youth! — fire-tried
And singed by visitation scoriac —
The fiery trial thou hast sent to me
More grateful is than fruit of orient climes,
In whose mild sacrifice my heart delights,
— **M**augre the protest of attendant femmes, —
And azure demons, exorcised, depart,
As on the ambient air the incense floats
From this my censer, eloquent with thee.
I wave my crutch in benison, and, renewed,
Hope tells the “flat-iron tale” of life again,
And steps that halt not with the ball and chain
Of fierce distemper which now hold me fast.
And thus I “puff,” with gratitude sincere,
The genius of the hour — my **BANFIELD** pipe.



TRUST.

On the chilly morn of an April day,
In their beds the small plants shivering lay,
The biting wind from the northern hills
Filled their tender forms with ague chills,
And they scarcely dared unfold their eyes,
Though the season said 'twas time to rise.
At length, though purpling with the cold,
A Crocus peeped from beneath the mould,
And waked a Narcissus, sleeping near,
By shaking icicles in its ear.
"Say," said the Crocus, "shall we start?"
Narcissus said feebly, "I haven't the heart,
And, should this cold much longer hap,
I shall extend my winter nap."
A Hyacinth, hearing the sound, awoke,
And thus with a chattering accent spoke:
"Let us lie in our beds, since Nature forgets,
And comfort ourselves with our coverlets,
I for one will never get up
While the air is so cold; it will freeze my cup."
A little Anemone trembling lay,
Thinking of what it heard them say.

“ True,” it said, “ the wind is fierce,
And sharply the tender buds doth pierce,
But let us be up with cheerful trust,
And shake from our eyes obscuring dust,
That keeps us from seeing good in store
In our present moody feelings sore —
For release will come, and the gentle rain
And the golden sun will cheer again ;
Although withholden, have no fear,
The glory of spring will soon be here.
Then let us shoot our pistils all,
Nor wait to receive a second call.”
The faith of the little Anemone
Quickened the floral family,
And ’twere a wonder if spring’s gay bowers
Were not all bright with buds and flowers.
How often will raise us from the dust
One little word of hope and trust !



THANKSGIVING TIME.

"COME, let us give thanks,"

Says Governor Banks,*

And at once preparation is heard in all ranks.

Many and bright the scenes that are planned,

Many the hearts that with gladness expand,

Many the hopes with fruition at hand,

And the voice of the turkey is heard in the land¹

For Thanksgiving Day

Is welcomed away,

— A heart-warming, genial, glorious season, —

When the feelings, repressed

By traffic's behest,

On one day, at least, for dominion contest,

And strive as of old to be specially blest,

While care is a species of treason ;

When plenty and fun and plenty of fun

Mark the glad hours as onward they run

With lots of rhyme and reason.

The city shuts up shop for the day,

And oldest and youngest play or pray,

* Any other governor's name will do as well, provided that it rhymes.

The churches are oped in the ancient way
For preachers to utter whatever they may,
With few to listen to what they say,

While all the chaises and carriages
Are dashing around with merry loads
Of babies dressed in their prettiest modes,
To dump at the doors of kindred abodes,
Or filled with those still happier nodes
Who rush to try that best of codes

Which binds us up in marriages.
And true benevolence outpours,
And wealth disseminates its stores,
To glad the poor and stricken ;
With dimming eyes, from tears that start,
The generous ones their cheer impart,
With warm emotion in their heart,
While in their hands is chicken !

Now trunks are stowed,
And over the road
That leads to his old far-away abode

The son in his course is bending ;
His heart beats high
As that home draws nigh,
And he sees against the distant sky

The village spire ascending ;
While many a glance
Is cast askance
Over the road, as the hours advance,
By which he must be wending —
The dear boy Tim,

Or the dear boy Jim,
 No matter the name, they look for him,
 Their love impatience lending! —
 Or 'Liza Jane returns from town,
 With her nobby bonnet and silken gown,
 And then a hoop to take all down
 That may chance to come before her,
 Raising the envy of all of those
 Not able to get such spacious clo'es,
 Who sneer, perhaps, and turn up their nose,
 While she takes the eye of the rural beaux,
 Who vow that "she's a roarer!"
 — Perhaps Aurora is what they mean —
 They bow to the magic of crinoline,
 And were she goddess or were she queen
 They couldn't more adore her.
 They swow and snum, and vow and vum,
 That they're darned glad she's happened hum,
 And go away she shan't, by gum,
 For them to so deplore her!

Delicious meetings,
 Delicious greetings
 As saccharine as Harvest Sweetings,
 With such affectionate pothor!
 Where brothers and sisters in fond embrace
 Press heart to heart and face to face,
 And kisses are given, with unctuous grace,
 That threaten almost to smother;
 And cousins are kissed with sweet concern,
 Who do not pout and spitefully spurn,

But who, when kissed on one cheek, turn
With Christian grace the other !

The mother's tears descend like rain
To welcome her darlings back again ;
The thought of their perils has given her pain,
And the father's heart was sad ;
But the face is honest, the eye is bright,
And they read the open book aright,
That sin has not eclipsed the light
That made their hearts once glad.

The horse in the stall, the dog at the door,
Are loved, and caressed, and kissed once more,
And smiles are joyously beaming,
And the pullets, destined for them to die,
Look on the scene with a cheerful eye,
In sympathetic seeming.

The land is vocal with psalm and prayer,
And joy's glad note sounds everywhere
A festival oblation,
And savory steams like clouds arise,
To tickle the palate and glad the eyes
Of lovers of virtue and pumpkin pies,
Where grave and gay, and dull and wise,
Pay tribute to gustation.

Then welcome the day,
As well we may,
That drives from our hearts dull care away,

Renewing the bond
Of affection fond
In hearts where living instincts play,
As crannies are lit by the sun's glad ray.

And may our hearts in praise expand
Of the blessed God of the sea and land,
Whose ever-bounteous, loving hand
Has placed such blessings at our command,
And given us power to gratefully feel
The good that all our days reveal ;
And Governor Banks's
Call for thanks is
One we cheerfully obey,
And thankful feel Thanksgiving Day.



SNOWED IN.

[A description of a personal adventure in Pennsylvania, on Pokono Mountain.]

ON Pokono, with storm and darkness blent,
The winds in chorus howling round the summit,
We labored 'gainst the snow up the ascent,
With futile offering to overcome it.

The hurtling drift dashed madly 'gainst the pane,
As if to overwhelm us its endeavor,
While surged the car beneath the fearful strain,
As though it yielded to some mighty lever.

Dimly the lights shone through the brooding gloom,
And eyes looked into eyes with anxious glances,
As, like the knell of an impending doom,
The hoarse storm led the measure of our fancies.

Like sheeted ghosts the snow-clouds sped along
Before the icy wind's remorseless urging,
And shrieked discordant, like a madman's song,
Threatening our instantaneous submerging.

How dreary passed the hours ! — no note of cheer
 Gave hope the spur, and every lagging minute
 Was fraught with pending misery and fear,
 And every breath bore desperation in it.

Philosophy was vain ; we could not bear
 The vexed delay that in such durance held us,
 Yet could not help ourselves, whate'er our care,
 And bore, unbearing, as stern Fate compelled us.

At last, amid the gloom that reigned around,
 Hope reared anew its dear, inspiring banner,
 And music rested in the voice's sound
 That spoke of sweet release and TOBYHANNA.*

Terra incognita ! — a land unknown —
 But, O, how sweet the cadence to our hearing !
 We felt our burden suddenly o'erthrown,
 With Joy and Plenty for our rescue nearing.

Blest land of hope ! how bright to us it seemed ! —
 Even its name uncouth made prepossessing ;
 No more the piling snow we misery deemed
 With Tobyhanna its pretensions pressing.

And then, as if responsive to our prayer,
 There fell a sudden calm, the tempest quelling ;
 And the round moon, upon the tranquil air,
 Shone forth, all shapes of fear and gloom dispelling.

* A small mountain village.

Once more the wheels, obedient to the steam,
Moved o'er the rail in their accustomed manner,
Bearing us towards the object of our dream,
The coveted and bounteous Tobyhanna.

And soon, surrounded by a generous band,
With plenty laden, we forgot our panic
In luxury, the product of the land,
Possessed of appetite the most titanic.

The feasts ambrosial of the heathen gods
Were great affairs, as told by classic scribblers,
But Tobyhanna gave Olympus odds,
And, matched with us, the gods were merely nibblers.

As when the Jews passed through the wilderness,
And, famishing, were fed by heavenly manna,
So on our palates, with all power to bless,
Fell the rich benefit of Tobyhanna.

And memory 'll grow blind, and deaf, and dumb,
And lost to every sense of grateful feeling,
If ever, in the time that is to come,
It should forget that incident congealing, —

When, merging from the snows of Pokono,
With joyous lips in jubilant hosanna,
We felt the fires of reassurance glow
Within the sheltering arms of Tobyhanna.

AFFECTION'S TRIBUTE.

'Twas busy seed time, yet in many a field
Labor was stayed, and those whose sturdy hands
Beckoned to thrift by timely ministries
Had left their calling, and, in decent garb,
Thronged onward, where the melancholy bell
Proclaimed the doings of relentless Death ;
To give their sympathy to those who mourned,
And shed, themselves, a tributary tear,
For one among them, who had bowed his head
To the stern summons, painfully delayed.
And then, amid the blooming sweets of spring —
The trees unfolding in the bright array
That clothes the joyous season — swept along
The sombre hearse, and the long train of those
Who mourned, as relatives and friends, for him
Whose loving eyes had closed to scenes of earth,
To open on the brighter ones of heaven.
They came from far and near, tender and sad,
The last kind offices on earth to pay,
And Nature seemed to hush, and hold her breath,
As on the solemn pageant swept, to where
The grave was waiting, and funereal rites.
It was no hero that they honored thus —

No statesman, scholar, bard, nor one whose voice
 Had thrilled the public ear by trick of words ;
 Nor one who'd thrust himself before the gaze
 Of crowds to win fame's meed by other means.
 A simple farmer — this, and nothing more —
 An unpretending, plain, and honest man,
 With no ill brooding in his truthful heart,
 And none to utter by his manly lips :
 Loving the good, and doing good and true
 In all his dealings with his fellow-man.
 I gazed upon the pageant, and of one
 Who was of those that formed the waiting group,
 I asked the meaning of the tribute shown —
 Tempting the answer that I knew before :
 " Why this display of grief ? " I said, " for him
 Whose lot was cast in such a homely mould ?
 Why do the farmers leave their fields for this ? "
 He was a man uncouth — to sentiment unused —
 But, brushing off a tear that dimmed his eye,
 He said, half sternly, " Why, the fact is here ;
 We honor pay, because we loved him so."
 Ye grand and mighty, where is honor found,
 So glorious in its offerings, as this,
 That rests its giving on the simple claim
 For honor's tribute that it loveth so ?

CHRISTMAS.

THE tranquil stars shone on the plain
Where "shepherds watched their flocks by night,"
When broke from heaven that wondrous strain,
And flashed abroad that wondrous light,
Filling their humble souls with fright:
"Peace, peace on earth! To men good will!"
So rang the strain, and angels bright
Sounded God's glory, that did thrill
With glad accord of sound and sight. —

"Good tidings of great joy we bring,
For Christ the Lord is born to-day!
He is your Saviour, and your King!"
Then vanished into heaven away
The angelic host, and darkness lay
On the calm hills and streams around,
While, dazed with the sublime display,
The shepherds bowed in awe profound.

Not to the magi first it came;
The shepherds caught the earliest word,
And in the flood of song and flame
Beheld the glory of the Lord! —

The learned and grand their tribute showered,
But first received, the poor man's gift
Of worship, that unstinted poured
From hearts with joyousness uplift.

The angel message rings the earth,
The good news to its triumph speeds ;
New truths of "good to men" have birth,
Response to prayer of human needs.
Though Truth be poor, and pines and bleeds,
Its saving mission will not die ;
It springs again, and yet succeeds,
To work in good its ministry.

The same grand message from the sky,
The same old glory greets the ken ;
All "glory be to God on high,
And peace on earth, good will to men !"
The truth, in Christ, renews again,
With every effort man to bless,
And His embodiment is plain
In all enacted righteousness.

E'en now, as then, the humble mind
Sees the first coming from afar ;
The magi seek the babe to find
And follow his directing star ;
And Herods of the race still arc,
Who tremble at the growth of Truth,
And wickedly its course would bar
By killing it in early youth.

Christ's truth shall grow to strive and bless,
Till all the world its worth shall know,
And every tongue its power confess,
And earth redeemed its triumphs show ;
Then once again the strain shall flow
That tells of peace through victory won,
And every human heart shall glow
With joy in Mary's holy Son.

Thank God for Christmas ! — 'tis a boon —
A precious stopping-place in time ;
The heart, with peace and love attune,
Glads with the note of Christmas chime.
In every land, in every clime,
This day all discord under ban,
Is heard the symphony sublime —
Of " peace on earth, good will to man ! "



THE OLD SEXTON.

THE news comes sadly to our ears —
The good old man has flown,
Who long hath furnished other's biers,
And now hath filled his own !
In Death's employ his lot was cast,
— Prime minister of woe —
And sore it grieves us at the last,
That we shall look on the face of the Old Sexton
no mo.

A rough and rugged man was he,
— A man of sturdy mould, —
One might not from the surface see
The feeling that controlled ;
But all of woman's tenderness
Dwelt in the heart below,
As hundreds he has soothed confess,
Who will look on the face of the Old Sexton
no mo.

Where Death his fatal dart has thrown,
His was the tender task

To do the last sad office known
 Humanity might ask.
 What feeling care, what gentle grace
 Did he alway bestow !
 Ah, many sigh, who this retrace,
 That they'll look on the face of the Old Sexton
 no mo.

He had few words withal to soothe,
 But they were of the best,
 That served the waves of grief to smooth,
 And comfort the distrest ;
 But action more than word declared
 His kindly feeling's flow,
 And sadder they, whose grief he's shared,
 That they'll behold the face of the Old Sexton
 no mo.

Where grief in ostentatious guise
 Demanded proud display,
 He'd to the great occasion rise
 In a befitting way ;
 Who've seen him wave the bannered pall,
 And ope Death's portmanteau,*
 Will sigh, as they his form recall,
 That they shall see the face of the Old Sexton
 no mo.

* A jointed trestle, made to fold in the form of a portmanteau, used on public occasions.

The strong, the weak, the old, the young,
Like objects of his care,
He made no difference among,
Nor 'twixt the plain and fair;
Impartially he gave them room
Beneath the flowers or snow,
And mourners over many a tomb
Will sigh that they shall look on the Old Sexton
no mo.

Impartial minister of fate,
The high and low he served;
Insignia or costly plate
Him ne'er from duty swerved.
He closed from sight with equal care
The rich and poor in woe,
And all will in the sorrow share
That they'll look on the face of the Old Sexton
no mo.

And now he's gone — the pitying earth
Has closed above his breast;
The flowers will soon spring into birth,
And bloom above his rest;
While we above his dust shall say,
As breezes whisper low,
"Ah, sad 'twill be, and well it may,
For we shall look on the face of the Old Sexton
no mo.

STRAWBERRIES.

In the old-time summer day,
Cheerily we took our way
To the meadows, where we knew
Ripe and luscious strawberries grew,
Nodding on their bending stems
With the glow of beryl gems.
Bobolink, with angry tone,
Claimed the berries as his own,
While the Robin, perching near,
Piped his protest, sharp and clear,
Telling us, in accents plain,
We infringed on his domain !

Then how sweet the breezes were,
Blowing through our unkempt hair !
And the breath of clover bloom
Lent its burden of perfume,
And the hum of busy bees
Swelled the choral symphonies,
As we through the meadows went,
On our strawberries intent.

Such companionship we knew,
In that day of pleasure, too !
No such friends in later days
As those partners in our plays.
True, unselfish, earnest, free,
A united band were we.
We were many, bound as one,
In the unity of fun.

The world has drawn us, since, apart,
And chilled the ardor of the heart ;
Yet one tie asserts its claim :
Strawberries we love the same,
As we picked them ripe and red,
In the merry days long fled.

Still, when grown to thoughtful men,
Strawberries sought we e'en as then ;
But another name they bore
Than the berries plucked of yore.
Some assumed the form of Place,
Leading on a weary chase,
O'er a rough and tortuous way,
Seeking strawberries that " pay."
Sacrificing honor's trust,
Crawling humbly in the dust,
Fawning, lying, crowding, hating,
E'en for dead men's shoes awaiting !
For such strawberries many yearned —
Few with brimming pails returned.

Some with fierce Ambition fraught,
Fame's bright berries anxious sought,
Roaming fields whose ample scope,
Yielded to their wish and hope,
Till the fruit they sought was gained,
But the basket full obtained
Gave not the glow of heartfelt joy
That crowned the seeking of the boy.

Others Money, Money, craved —
Every peril for it braved ;
Giving for the fruitage, Pelf,
All the betterness of self.
Strawberries their constant cry,
Seeking them with eager eye ;
But, though granted all their wish,
They were verjuice in the dish.
Such for me exert no power —
'Tis a fruit that's far too sour.

Love, a strawberry very sweet,
Lured our youthful hearts and feet,
Seen in eyes and red lips, rare,
Rich as Hovey's Seedlings are,
And in rapturous look or kiss,
We had baskets full of bliss !
Sweet the breath of clover blooms,
Sweet the myriad perfumes
That fill the summer's sunny hours,
Redolent with buds and flowers ;
Sweet the song of bird or bee,

Or the forest melody,
As, amid the tree-tops high,
Breezes through the branches sigh ;
Sweet the dashing of the stream,
Flowing like a joyous dream,
Cheering the surrounding scene
With an added wealth of green ;
But, of all the sweets I know,
None a rivalry can show
With the love of Youth's bright year,
Gladdening the atmosphere —
Measuring the passing time
By heart-throbs pulsing into rhyme,
While the glow of stars and suns
Into life's enactment runs,
Making earth all saccharine
— Strawberries of sort divine ;
O'er all other sorts supreme —
Sugar needing not, nor cream !

Many were the kinds thus sought
With diverse successes fraught ;
Many baskets running o'er,
Many with but meagre store.
Some, phantoms followed, day by day,
Frittering their time away —
Seeking Fashion, Pleasure, Ease,
Plucking worldly vanities,
Ending with the piteous dole,
Blank vacuity of soul !

Happy those who early knew
Where the Wisdom berries grew !
Grand the fruitage thus to gain,
Worth all effort to obtain ;
Strawberries, for which sacrifice
And earnest striving are the price.

And we still our strawberries seek,
By the dint of wit or cheek ;
Young and old their bent pursue,
To the olden impulse true,
Striving strawberries to possess,
With like chances of success.
May Heaven its kindness manifest,
And lead us all to choose the best.



THE OLD BROMFIELD HOUSE.

[Sung at the Last Dinner enjoyed in the old house, previous to its being taken down, to make way for the Wesleyan Building.]

EXALT your voice in hearty cheer,
Though tears bedim your eye,
To crown this scene, with memories dear,
To which we bid good by.
A thousand recollections sweet
O'erflow the brimming heart,
As here, where long we've met to meet,
Do we now meet to part.

The odors of a thousand feasts,
Like ghosts, the sense assail ;
The low of sacrificial beasts
In fancy fills the gale ;
The crowded board comes up to view,
Where long we've met to dine,
And word and smile appear anew,
As in the days lang syne.

A cheerful heart — best condiment —
Gave zest to every dish,

And epicurean relish lent
To flesh, and fowl, and fish.
The brightest hour of all the day
— And bright if rain or shine —
That brought us hither on our way,
In days of auld lang syne.

The fairest scenes of earth will fade ;
And this, so long our own,
By sacred friendship joyous made,
In heart must live alone.
But that we've had is surely ours ;
Let whate'er may combine,
They cannot trample out the flowers
That bloomed in auld lang syne.

Then cherished be in memory's nook
This spot by us revered,
And every smile, and word, and look,
That has its past endeared.
We raise our song with hearty cheer,
Though rue and rose entwine,
And in our cup of joy a tear
We drop for auld lang syne.

DREAM ARROWS.

SITTING here at the twilight dim,
Making arrows for little Jim! —
The curling shavings fall around,
Noiselessly upon the ground,
While o'er my yielding spirit steals
A misty spell that all conceals
Of past or present, bearing me
Over a wide and troubled sea,
With shattered hopes, like wrecks, bestrown,
And half-accomplished trophies won,
To where a Jim of other name
Whittled arrows just the same.

O, sweet the quick, tumultuous thrill,
As boyhood's tide my veins refill!
I roam again the verdant fields,
I feel the transport freedom yields,
I smell the sweet balsamic pines,
In tranquil shades my form reclines,
I seek the hush of rural nooks,
I bathe in cool and crystal brooks,
I gather berries where they hide,
I sail upon the Summer tide,

The ball before my arm bounds high,
My kite in daring scales the sky,
I feel the plenitude of joy
That waits upon "the human boy."

What castellated hopes arise,
And gleam before my eager eyes!
How richly are the low clouds hung
With brilliant colors broadcast flung,
And how I long to breast the tide
Which keeps me from the other side—
So far, so wide, the buoyant soul
Scarce brooks the leash of Time's control!

But dreams!—The curling shavings fall;
The spell dissolves, and, vanished all
The mystic shadows that bespread
The bended form and silvery head,
Reveals me, in the twilight dim,
Making arrows for little Jim!
Yet still remains the better part,
The constant cheerfulness of heart,
The joyous fancy that shall keep
Till life is "rounded by a sleep."

THE CHURCH BELL.

[Written for a Fair Paper, called "The Church Bell."]

NOT in a lofty steeple,
Looking down upon the people,
THE CHURCH BELL swings;
But from a modest throne
And in a gladsome tone
 Its peal outrings
Till every kindly spirit
Shall with a blessing hear it,
 And each one feel
 Its sweet appeal; —
Feel in their heart of heart
The generous impulse start,
Feel with its every note
The good they should promote,
Feel as its echoes sound
A love more broad abound;
 With ready hand,
 At its demand,
Feel in their pockets—plenty-crowned—

And, answering to its chimes,
Bring forth their dimes !

THE CHURCH BELL's tongue
Inflicts no pangs along
The path it sounds — with scandal fraught ;
It pours no sickly strain
To mislead heart and brain,
But with an inspiration faintly caught
From source above,
With Peace, Good Will, and Love,
Man's blessing is its motive and its thought, —
Man's blessing and God's glory,
The old grand story,
Lighting with joy the humblest pages :
That narrative divinely penned,
Whose interest shall never end —
“ To be continued ” through eternal ages.

Then list the glad CHURCH BELL,
Whose chimes around you swell ;
Of duty's claims they tell.
As, in old revolutionary times,
The ancient church bell's stirring chimes
Woke patriot hearts to strife
For liberty and life,
So this makes like appeal to strike for right,
For Sin is rampant, ready for the fight,
And here the forge for tempering the mail
In which its gathered forces to assail.

THE FAIR! THE FAIR!
No effort spare;
Give of your bounty here a generous share.
'Tis God's own citadel ye build;
Let it with power be filled
By that ye bring and give as offering,
Heart-free and hand-free, and its walls shall spring
A habitation meet for Heaven's Almighty King.



A PUSH FOR FREEDOM.

[The supposed reflections of an escaped Canary.]

A HOPE of freedom ! Thank the favoring fates
That left ajar my grated door,
Through which the sun his ray doth pour,
As if to light me where sweet freedom waits,
Outside, to give me place,
'Mid scenes of bliss and grace,
Unchecked, unhindered by vile prison gates.

How soft and cool there fall
The shadows on the wall !
And the sweet honeysuckle's spray
Tempts me with motion gay,
As 'twere a voice to me :
" Now is the time to flee !
This open door will set you free,
And, once abroad, no hand shall check your way."
Even yon tiny sparrow
Struts and mocks me in my confines narrow,
Cocking his eye up roguishly to mine,
While plucking at some object on the vine.

The wind among the bushes,
The flower that nods and blushes,
The glad green of the trees,
The humming of the bees,
 All, all unite
 To lure my faltering flight
To the broad fields beyond of freedom and delight.

And shall these be denied?
Sweet lady, turn your eyes aside,
 And the new thought that springs
 Shall lend support to wings
Too long in freedom's offices untried.

One step—that's all—and in my grasp the prize!
I do not ask me, "Is it wise
To leave the seed, the perch, the gentle eyes
 That sought my good,
 The plenitude
 That my fair jail with benefit bestrewed,
For Freedom's chance?"
 The gilded jail is but a jail,
 And the contracted limit of its pale
Annuls each qualifying circumstance.

How long I've struggled with the cruel wires
That kept me from the goal of my desires! —
 With pain of soul
 Received the dole
So kindly given, the while I've striven,
 But, lacking freedom, lacked the whole!

And now, that open door !
 One noiseless step the portal o'er,
 And I am free
 In the glorious light of Liberty ! —
 The freedom self-attained,
 And not a boon thrown grudgingly —
 A beggar's alms, unblest, and thankless gained !

Sweet lady, wake ! awake !
 My sunlit plumes I shake
 On the high trellis, in the open air,
 The sky above my head, and everywhere
 Is limitless scope
 For the free wing's boldest hope !
 Call me not ingrate, lady ; I but take
 That is mine own.
 At morn and eve I'll sing, for your sweet sake,
 A grateful tribute from my airy throne,
 That may for disappointment part atone.

Higher ! still higher
 My enfranchised wings aspire,
 And, on this grand tree's loftiest limb,
 I sit and swing,
 And blithely sing
 My sweetest, most exultant hymn,
 Whose notes e'en slavery could not dim.

Bright hope ! Bright faith !
 No supervening dun
 Obscures the sun ;

The future hath no fears ; nor want nor death
Obtrude their forms,
And in the passing storms
That may occur to give alloy,
No blast can sweep away the present joy.
Happen the fate that may,
This bright, triumphant day
Is mine in all the feel of joy that Freedom gives,
In which alone a being only lives.



MILES O'REILLY.*

"THE BOY" is dead! The restless heart is stilled—
Its fierce ambition, recklessness, and pride,
And all the sweeter attributes that thrilled
With passion's fervency intensified.

His was no singing-bird's mellifluous note,
Whose cadence soft the heart enchanted heard,
But, trumpet-toned, the ambient air it smote,
And to its deepest depths the spirit stirred.

Even the dulcet strain that love might breathe
— Couched tenderly, in accent soft and low —

*General Charles Graham Halpine was associated with the author of the above, for the greater part of one year, in the publication of a paper that boasted of more character than patronage. This was in 1852. The association was uninterruptedly pleasant, and the friendship then formed continued till the death of General H. His title of "General" was earned in the war of the rebellion, in which he took a distinguished part. His adoption of the *nom de plume* of Miles O'Reilly was at the siege of Charleston, where he wrote President Lincoln an amusing letter over this signature. It was impudent in the extreme, and excited considerable curiosity. The letters were continued, and the authorship was discovered, causing some anger in certain high quarters; but he was too much feared to be molested. When he came back to private life, the name came with him, garnished, by himself, with the additional term of "The Boy."

Was warm with smouldering fires that burned beneath,
Hinting of lava and the crater's glow.

His was the song that nerved the patriot's hand,
When war's fell clangor rang o'er earth and main ;
He gave himself to his adopted land,
And strove the perilled Union to maintain.

But when the note of strife was haply hushed,
And all the tumult found a glad surcease,
His was the song that with grand fervor gushed,
To welcome in the reign of sovereign Peace.

Old strife ignored, his hand was outward held
To grasp the hand that lately met his own
On battle-fields, by deadliest hate impelled,
Forgetting war when war's fierce blast was blown.

His was the caustic pen that ever sought
To prick the bubble of a vain pretence ;
He strove by song, with wit and satire fraught,
To banish wrong and bold incompetence.

But, with a genius free as birds in May,
He'd leave, at times, the touch of meaner things,
And in the ampler ethers soar away
On Poesy's most sublimated wings ;

Or strike some tuneful strain, the humble ear
Could hear and treasure from the darling "Boy,"

The one beloved, who fain life's path would cheer
By strewing, along, the flowers of hope and joy.

Now, stilled the hand that struck the living lyre !
Dead to all life, all honor, and all pain !
Quenched at its height the intellectual fire !
Fallen to earth the proudly-cherished fane !

But not forgotten — no mere memory
To fade away as lesser ones have flown ;
For death, to such, is not to cease to be,
But still to live in deeds as firm as stone.



THE LOVE OF THE OLD.

MUCH, much is written, and much is sung,
Of love that dwells youth's bowers among,
When the eyes are bright and the cheeks aflame
With a glow the tints of the rose might shame,
When the heart throbs quick with emotion warm
And the pulses answer to passion's storm,
But little is said in the stories told
Of the tried and faithful love of the old.

Age is the harvest season of love,
As earth-life melts in the life above ;
The fruitage time, in spirit and truth,
Of the seeds of love that are sown in youth :
Some never spring in the stony ground,
Some die ere the evening shades come round,
But, bright and fresh from congenial mould
Grows the love that ripens to crown the old.

Ah, many a trial this love hath known ;
The fiercest suns have upon it shone,
The rain's mad beat and the raging blast

Have o'er its fortunes a life-time passed ;
It has thriven the better when thus assailed,
And ne'er from its hope and trust has failed —
Ne'er in devotedness turned cold,
But brighter glowed as the heart grew old.

'Tis not a love to last for a day,
A light to flash and vanish away,
To rave with a sonnet and melt in sighs,
And live in selfish unsacrifice —
To crave forever with tearful cheeks,
And die in possession of what it seeks :
By pure and exalted trust controlled
Is the love that sanctifies the old.

Then, graybeards, heed not the mocking sneer
From supercilious lips you hear ;
Yours is the love that has stood the test,
And gilds your years like a smile from the west.
It sparkles and glows like the richest wine,
And it bears the brand of the love divine ; —
There's a glory more than the eye may behold
In the endless love that bides with the old.

HERE AND YONDER.

AH, cold and dreary is the night!

We hear without the chilling gale
Bend the lithe tree-tops in its flight,
While the impetuous rains assail,
Dashing against the window pane,
As if with bitter madness fraught,
But, failing entrance, sob in vain
At finding all their efforts come to nought.

We closer draw around the grate,
And shudder as the sound we hear,
And think how sad must be the fate
Of those who dare a night so drear!
The fire's warm beams small cheer impart,
While listening to the stormy din,
That wakes sad feelings in the heart,
From which sweet converse fails our thought
to win.

Around the chimney-top the wind
Roars its defiance, hurrying by,

As though it dare not lag behind,
Charged with its message from the sky ;
And down the vale it wildly roars,
Filling the timid with affright,
While still the rain in torrents pours,
And darkness rules the province of the night.

We gaze out through the murky gloom,
And there upon the distant sky
The city lights the arch illumine,
Mirrored upon the clouds on high ;
Beyond and o'er the tumult dire
And darkness that the scene invest,
Gloweth that cheerful constant fire
In which are peace and safety manifest.

Thus, as we stand amid life's storms,
With sin and sorrow girt about,
While scarce a ray our spirit warms,
And left to darkness and to doubt, —
In our despair we upward gaze,
And there, above all doubts and damps,
We catch the glory of the blaze
From the Eternal City's golden lamps.

HOW WEARING IT IS!

IN the journey of life, with care ill at ease,
And fortune unfavouring grudging its smile,
We struggle our burnings of heart to appease,
And think we succeed, but don't all the while.
Like the rust on the iron, it eats day by day,
Until, too far gaining, past bearing it is,
When we sigh to ourselves, and despairingly say,
O fortune! O fortune! how wearing it is!

When love first invades the temple of youth,
And throws o'er the victim its conquering chain,
His bosom is filled with a tempest of ruth,
And he sinks in a spasm of amorous pain.
As day by day thus by slow torture he burns,
With even a martyr's comparing it is;
For the end of his torment he lovingly yearns,
And says in his passion, How wearing it is!

The indulgent papa o'er his quarterly bills,
That fashion or folly have brought to his ken,
Looks anxiously on them with aguish chills,
And thinks himself the worst used among men;

He mutters a word — we do not well know
What word — though very like swearing it is,
But he counts out the cash with a desperate brow,
That serves to tell us how wearing it is.

The fond mother toils o'er her pale-burning lamp,
While care for her darling inspires her breast ;
He has ruined his jacket, the good-natured scamp,
And steals from his parent her well-needed rest ;
But cheerly she smiles, as her needle she plies,
Her heart for his mischief uncaring it is,
For she knows that in play his happiness lies,
The while she admits how wearing it is.

The constant dropping may wear the stone,
And so runs the adage that all well know ;
And in every lot a mortal has known
There is dropping to prove to us "that 'tis so ;"
But stout of heart, we will let it all drop,
With a confidence never despairing it is,
Till living and time shall finally stop,
And never acknowledge how wearing it is.

THE REASON WHY.

A COALMAN's dog, native of Newfoundland,
— A sturdy, shaggy, handsome, faithful beast, —
Greeteth my vision, day by day, as goes
His master to his customary toil, —
The dog attendant, gravely, as it were
His mission, also, to dispense the coals.
He has no notice for the wayside curs
That strive his grave attention to arrest.
His gait "means business," and nought frivolous
Or trifling can divert his constant feet
That press unswervingly in duty's path.
Grateful to him who gives him scanty bread,
He looks up to him with great, earnest eyes,
Ne'er faltering in love and trustfulness —
Deeming none other in the world like him,
E'en though a dudeen desecrate his lips,
Or "ardent" lave his incandescent throat,
Or the fierce oath at times, perchance, emits,
Which serves to emphasize a cruel kick.
Still he's his master, evermore revered,
And, humbly acquiescent, he forgets
All ill in joyousness at one soft word,

Or e'en a look that augurs kind regard.
Exponent of a love most sanctified,
He asks but that he may his love bestow,
And find in his devotion his reward —
Unselfish, tender, true, unto the end !
He has no habits vile ; no passion's rage,
No breath exhaling fumes of nicotine
Or alcoholic death ; no word profane
Escapes his lips, nor slander's baleful slime ;
No schemes dishonest ever mar his rest ;
No treachery to friends, no base resorts
Of trickery and fraud his point to gain ;
No subterfuge, or false pretence, or greed,
Or mean endeavor others' wish to thwart ;
Living just up to instinct's light, Heaven-lent,
And shaming reason by example grand.
Fidelity to duty's unpaid claim
Distinguishes his life ; his proudest post
The portal of the humble home he guards
With ceaseless vigilance and rigid trust ;
His only recreation with the boys to mix,
And in their sports be boy among the rest,
Barking his sympathy in noisy joy,
Or meekly following at his master's heels.
Why is he thus the faithful, true, and kind,
— Embodiment of every native good
Men might well copy with abundant gain, —
I know no reason save that — he's a Dog.

THE QUILTING.

IN the revered ancestral days,
When folk were innocent and good,
And had not lost in selfish ways
The generous fact of neighborhood,
There was an honored custom known
— The “quilting bee” of genial fame —
Whose simple graces far outshone
Occasions of a loftier name.

Its summons sped o’er hill and dale,
And, like the slogan of a clan,
Its note filled every passing gale,
Awaking echoes as it ran ;
Till all femininity, inspired,
Rushed cap-à-pie at the appeal,
With zeal and emulation fired,
To ply, in peaceful strife, the steel.

A work of love — no selfish aim
Inspired the hearts assembled there
About the pristine quilting-frame,
To do their devoir on the square ;

The nimble fingers deftly flew,
Through "herrin'-bone," and "cone," and
"shell,"
And stitched the fabric through and through,
With loving stitches strong and well.

The ancient profiles on the walls
Upon the scene look primly down,
Where autumn's mellow sunshine falls
On snowy cap and homespun gown,
And listening, — if they can but hear, —
Most wondrous stories they obtain,
Of "carryin's on" afar and near,
Where gossip pours like summer rain, —

Of hap'nings that have had their day,
And hap'nings that are like to be,
While still the gleaming needles play,
With converse glib in harmony.
The ease of confidential talk
Lends to the scene its rarest charm ;
No masculine the tide to balk,
Or give the sensitive alarm.

The work complete, a varied field,
Like human life, the thoughtful see ;
But ere a pause the thought can yield,
Along come evening and the tea.
The board with homely fare is set,
And hospitality the grace
That crowns the social circle met,
Where cheerfulness and truth embrace.

And gay the evening when the beaux
Come in their 'lotted part to bear,
To sing Old Hundred through their nose,
Or in the dance to take a share ;
For melody and mirth combine
To give a briskness to the time,
And festal wreaths of joy entwine
Of funny fancies or sublime.

Thus doth the memory return
Of a rare scene within the past ;
A simple scene we may not spurn,
With modern notions gay and " fast ;"
For in the light and growth of mind
We may a room for contrast see,
And in the retrospection find
A balance for the " quilting bee."



THE PERFIDIOUS MILLER.

[A romaunt founded on the well-known legend of the "Miller of Brentnall Mere," wherein the perjured miller comes to a disastrous end, according to the most exact code of poetic justice.]

THE air is chill on heath and hill ;
Beyond the desert plain
The sombre mill stands hearkening still
To the river's sad refrain ;
Seeming dreaming,
In silent pain,
Of something sadly against its grain.

The mill-lamp glows, and the window shows
Red in its lurid ray,
And the beam outgoes where the water flows
On its turbid and sullen way ;
And on the tide,
Where smiles should play,
There's a gloom as if there's mischief "to pay."

The great wheel groans, and the huge mill-stones
Chew up the yellow corn,

But in the tones there are fancied moans,
And sounds of woe forlorn ;
And shivering there
Stands Miller Horn
With a pallid face, of terror born.

Ah ! guesses he well, would he but tell,
That sorry strain he hears,
That, like a knell of a bell, or a yell,
Keeps sounding in his ears :
Ringing, dinging,
Like note of spheres,
That wake nowadays no burning fears !

His matted hair diverges there,
And chatter well his teeth ;
He hears despair in the ambient air,
And a demon underneath,
Striving, driving,
With fierce pent breath,
To reach him, he feels, with stroke of death.

.
'Twas midnight hour, when ghosts have power ;
And there amid the gloom
Did he wildly glower through a mealy shower,
As if to read his doom ;
When to his ear,
As from a tomb,
A voice cried out, " We come—make room ! "

Then by the door and through the floor
Came imps of ghastly hue,
Demons galore and more and more
They crowded on his view,
With full intent
He too well knew,
To put him most severely through.

But, up to snuff, he tried the bluff—
He knew the game quite well ;
He was good stuff, and tough, but rough
Did conscience in him swell ;
But bluff he found
Though here it tell,
Was not a game to win in — other places.

“ Who are you, pray, that come this way,
In such fanfaronade?
Hast been in, say, the Black Crook play,
That you are thus arrayed?
Dost think that I
Will be afraid,
Or at your monkey tricks dismayed?

“ If spirits thou, pray tell me how
‘ Ye constablers’ ye shied?
For round here now they lurk and bow,
And watch on every side ;
Not ‘ ardent’ thou
Identified,
Or seized thou’dst been and straightway tried.”

Then from the rout a sprite stepped out,
— A ghostess very grim, —
Both tall and stout, and screechéd out
A speech of ghostly vim,
While on the wall
The light burned dim,
And all the imps glared fierce at him :

“Dost not know me, thou perjured he?
Better thou ne’er wast born;
I am she whom thy perfidee
Consigned to fate forlorn;
You played me false,
And married Mrs. Horn!”
“Alas!” cried he, “I own the corn.”

“You vowed,” she said, “that me you’d wed,
— The dearest you had seen, —
Then straight you sped and marri-ed
Amanda Agnes Green;
And I, ah me!
In bitter spleen,
Jumped overboard and closed the scene!

“Your vow you’ll keep; no more you’ll sleep
’Twixt peaceful blankets twain;
The froglets peep above the deep,
Where I so long have lain,
And that with me,
By might and main,
You share my river-bed I’m fain.”

With bitter shriek, with deathly cheek,
"Now spare me, pray," said he ;
"Your looks bespeak some dreadful freak
That bodes no good to me ;
My wife at home
Will nervous be,
If I don't come to time nor tea."

With jump and bound they hedged him round,
They girt him every way ;
His head was wound with a meal-bag found,
His tongue alone had play ;
And hard he begged
For another day,
But the ghostess, claiming the groom, said "Nay."

The miller they seized, the miller they squeezed
In the hopper, and down he sped ;
He merely sneezed as the grinder seized,
And never opened his head ;
Indeed I'm sure
All ope had fled
Ere he was ground to gingerbread !

The mill still moans in sorry tones
For the miller's cruel end,
And the miller's bones on the senseless stones
With rye and indian blend :
While underneath
Doth still contend
The struggling fiend with wrench and rend.

When the storm o' nights the soul affrights,
And with fear the nerves are torn,
The gossip delights as she recites
How the ghostess doubled the Horn,
When in the night,
Through the hopper borne,
The miller followed his grist of corn.



THE OLD-TIME APPLE-BEE.

AMONG the pleasing things of the past
That come to me in fond retrocast,
Fraught with the odor and grace of truth,
And bearing the glory and glow of youth,
— The morning light of the early day,
When all was bright, and all was gay,
And my heart beat quick to the notes of glee, —
Is the cheerful and busy apple-bee.

Ah, happy is the scene I view
In the blaze of memory's light anew,
And merry and fair the circle seen,
In pristine garb and pristine mien,
With bright eyes beauteous in their glow
As in the long, long years ago,
When I, in boyish feeling free,
Found mirth and joy in the apple-bee.

Cheeks rivalling the apple's blush,
Smiles as tender as morning's flush,
Voices clear as the song of birds,
Tuned to cadence of happy words,

Pleasant gossip of this and that,
Healthful music of earnest chat,
Wisdom, and wit, and melody,
Marked the course of the apple-bee.

Say not a word of Grecian bends,
Or the added charm that crinoline lends,
Or the waterfall's expanding grace,
Or the wealth of ribbon or of lace,
Or the slender shape of a prisoned waist,
Or the pride of fashion's captious taste —
They none compare with the forms I see
In my vision there of the apple-bee.

There's more revealed than the show of wealth
In the strength and beauty of sturdy health ;
More grandeur than if gem-bedight
In radiant eyes' effulgent light ;
More grace than chignon e'er has thrown
In rippling locks that are all their own ;
And the high back-comb is a crown to me —
Each wearer a queen at the apple-bee.

Severely simple and chastely sweet
Is the dress where prudence and comfort meet ;
Where the heart can beat with as glad a glow
As if under silk, in calico,
And 'mid the crush of impending ills
Are ne'er included milliner bills ;
And no compunctious throe has she
Who shines as queen of the apple-bee.

The mirth leaps up when the work is done,
And the carnival reigns of noisy fun ;
The old look on in benignant way
To see the very — forfeits to pay —
The culminate of labial joys,
In let-out spirits of girls and boys !
Ah, many a lovelit flame we see
Illuming the scene of the apple-bee.

The scene fades out in mist of years ;
The old-time custom disappears :
Voices are hushed that then were gay ;
The golden locks have turned to gray ;
The tender eyes, so fair and bright,
Are grandames' now, with failing sight ;
And nought is left but a memory
Of the joyous, rollicking apple-bee.



THE NEW YEAR.

“WELL, well, here’s Monsieur Tonson come again !”
We cry, as Time, once more, his twelve moons past,
Wheels round to mind us of the waning years.
Persistent Time ! — no failure e’er attends
The movement of his car, and, promptly run,
He holds his hand for dues that we must pay ; —
For all owe dues to Time, confest or not.
If not confest, he full reprisal makes,
And those who cunningly essay to cheat,
Pay oftentimes doubly for the debt they’d fly.
The thinning hair, the failing sight, the teeth
Fast crumbling to an ever “ aching void,”
Attest the claims of Time ; and that they’re paid,
Ask Messrs. Cocaine, Spectacles & Bone,
Whose aid supplies the draft that Time has made !
There is no stay for Time, — that queer old man, —
Whose zeal ne’er wearies, and whose changing glass
Is ever running off the slippery hours ;
Whose scythe, alas ! is busy with our hopes,
Cutting our treasures down without remorse,
And giving them to Death ! — a sacrifice
Priceless and peerless, and most worthy heaven.

Men are but motes upon the dial-plate
Moved over by the great hour-hand of Time,
Unchecking it, though huge they deem themselves,
Till from the verge they drop, in senseless dust,
Whilst yet the everlasting hand moves on !
How little are we in the mighty plan
Of God's ordaining ! and 'tis haply given
The new-born year this lesson to impart,
And teach humility to those who vaunt ;
Thus human Ossas, in their own conceit,
May dwindle to the real warts they are !

Would we reverse the plan, and roll the ball
Back on its axis, and restore the Past ?
Such wishes have been, where the stricken soul
Mourned over time misspent it fain would mend ;
Or where the selfish with their baubles played,
And grudged, at Time's approach, to lay them down.
Not so with those alive to Duty's call,
Forever active in the ways of life,
And living for the benefit of men.
They have no futile retrospective wish
For flesh-pots left far in the race behind ;
Nor stand they idly by with folded hands
Whilst the great world spins round them like a top ;
Nor look they back, like Mistress Lot, to find
Themselves transformed to worse than useless salt,
Savorless of all that gives, to living, life !
They'd not revoke a day, but keep their souls
Timed by the present and the future need,

And, like a watch that's wound up with the sun,
Would break in ruin if we'd turn them back.

And thus the New Year finds us, well content
With what is done, and ready to begin anew,
And strive, as we have striven, the year just fled,
To make those happy, as we wished them so.



A WORK-DAY LYRIC.

Put on thy working-dress, my soul,
 The Sabbath-time of rest give o'er ;
 Too long has slumber held control,
 With labor spread thy steps before.

'Tis not for thee in halcyon bowers
 To taste the sweets of summer calm,
 And wear away the fleeting hours
 'Mid dulcet strains and airs of balm.

Thou'rt called unto a precious trust —
 A wide domain demands thy care,
 To vivify its torpid dust,
 And raise a grand perfection there.

Illimitable is the field
 On which thou destined art to toil,
 That good and evil fruits will yield
 From active seed and teeming soil.

God help thee in thy strong essay,
 My soul, scarce used to strife like this ;

With an abiding trust obey,
And find, in duty done, thy bliss.

Pluck up the tares of sin and pride,
Prune off excrescences of vice,
Till in this garden is descried
Similitude of Paradise.

This garden is thine own domain,
Its flowers and weeds are all thine own ;
And every muscle thou must strain,
Else good in thee is overgrown.

Toil on until the Master choose,
And then, when summoned by His love,
No guerdon for thy toil thou'lt lose
In the great Harvest Home above.



DREAMING AND WAKING.

[On receiving a beautiful cup, turned from a fragment of the Old Elm Tree on Boston Common.]

It is a valued gift that comes to me,
 Freighted with grateful memories and love —
 A cup wrought deftly from that cherished tree
 Which Boston holds all other trees above
 (The ancient Elm), and guards as jealously
 As Brahmin favorites of the sacred grove.

A cunning work, and beauteous to the view ;
 But deeper meaning does the object wear
 To me than trick of art : I see anew
 Long-vanished scenes and pleasures, and the share
 My younger self had in the hours that flew,
 To youth replete with glad emotions rare.

I grasp the cup, and to my inner sight
 It seems a hand reached forth to clasp my own,
 Out of the dusky shadows of the night
 Which shrouds about the Past's deserted throne,
 Or some loved form, emerging to the light,
 That long from outer consciousness had flown.

I roam again beneath the verdant shades,
With loving voices melting in my ear,
And the warm thrill my soul once more pervades,
As rapt I bow the cadence glad to hear.
Ah, blest companionship! again that aids
To make life hasten with a better cheer.

The old tree murmurs blessings on the hours
That make the total of the summer eves,
The moonbeams flicker through its shade in showers,
And laughter ripples in its rustling leaves,
And love again unfolds its mystic powers
Through the sweet influence it from Night receives.

Romance and youth! blest witcheries ye throw
About the path that all are called to tread;
And, thus reviewed, my spirit feels a glow,
Though Youth and Romance long ago have fled,
And Time has dared profane my locks with snow,
And young companionship is with the dead.

Well, be it thus; I'd not again retrace,
More than in fancy, the enchanted years;
I sit and look the Future in the face,
And have no thought of sorrow or of tears;
There is no loss kind Heaven will not replace
In the broad realm that to our gaze appears.

Thanks for the gift, my old and constant friend,
Uniting then and now by its sweet spell ;
And though no nectar from its lip descend,
This rill of song mayhap will serve as well,
Poured from a source that ne'er will know an end,
The heart's true spring, where endless friendships
dwell.



H O P E .

THE heart with sorrow bowed shuts out the light,
And broods in gloomy shade, inalterate
With aught of cheer ; no lift permit, or gleam
Of sunny promise to pervade the air
That sluggish stagnates in the courts of woe.
The ear is pained at echoes caught from life,
That surges on in heedless disrespect
Of all beyond itself, and muffled thought
Runs o'er the gamut of absorbing pain,
Repelling the insidious step of sound
That threatens the reign supreme of silent grief.
The hours pass drearily, unnoted save
By the dull throbs of misery and doubt,
That make the calendar of present ill,
Timed by the horologue of dark dismay.
But, as the carol of a bird obtrudes,
Amid the pauses of a summer storm,
When all is darkest, dreariest, and lone,
Steals in a note of HOPE, which, late debarred,
Stood near and waited, with a loving trust,
For Grief's reaction from its weariness,
To come again, like some enkindling light,

And banish gloom and darkness from the heart.
'Tis then, the spell annulled that lately bound,
New scenes appear ; the tide of human life
Again rolls on, harmonious as before ;
Sweet sounds break joyous on the willing ear ;
The hours their import wear of activeness,
And duty due and done, and heaven and earth
Take brighter garniture, and holy cheer
Its effluence imparts to haply wake
And fill to plenitude the hungry soul.
O, blessed HOPE ! what were we, lacking thee?
Thine is the mission that divinest comes
And closest touches the acuter self,
Coming, like some sweet benediction, down,
And soothes the spirit's turbulence to peace.
E'en now, as when Pandora's mythic box,
Unclasped, released the goods that Jove designed,
— Vagrant and lost, that might have staid to bless, —
We feel that though all evil may assail,
And night concentrate round us in eclipse
Dark as the fabled cave of Erebus,
With HOPE remaining, we may ill defy.



A VAGARY.

MARGERY, close the door ; we'll sit us here
And muse a little on this New Year's day,
Making the past and distant things come near,
Arousing sleeping fancy into play,
And strewing flowers along the wintry way.

Come, sweetheart, to my side, that I may look
Upon the mirror of your lustrous eyes,
And read my fate anew, as in a book
Writ full of most bewitching mysteries ;
Saving while perilling by their bright ministries.

Those ringlets, Margery, rich in glossy gold,
Lay them yet closer, dearest, to my cheek ;
The whispered word is tenderer, manifold,
And silence is the deepest tone we speak,
When, themed in one, our souls one channel seek.

That lily hand ! its pulses thrill my own
With sweet emotion, like the thrill of song ;
What wealth's possession e'er has this outshone
That lies extended on my palm along —
This little hand round which such beauties throng !

Smile, dear one, thus ; though not alone the smile
 Bespeaks the ruling of the blissful thought ;
 Tears have their mission of delight the while,
 And joy is fullest when with sadness fraught —
 A fabric of a deeper, subtler substance wrought.

There's music, Margery, in your gentle voice,
 Like the unwritten melody of birds,
 That in its utterance bids the heart rejoice,
 Though it take not the garniture of words ;
 Æolus sweeping o'er the vibrant chords.

She's gone ! a trick of tantalizing Time
 That plays strange fancies with the old and young ;
 Returning scenes of romance or of rhyme
 That all of us have either lived or sung ;
 Blossoms of joy that faded soon as sprung.

Gone, Margery ! Closed the door. 'Tis thus we muse
 On some pet memory that the time obtrudes,
 And each his sweet and bitter dream renews
 Of Might-have-beens that come in multitudes,
 While fancy holds the light, and all of fact excludes.

What though the wintry winds blow madly by,
 And aqueous fingers tap the window pane,
 I sit in slippèd state, my fireside nigh,
 And, with a reckless vagrancy of brain,
 Weave dreams of beauty I would dream again.

CHRISTMAS TOKEN.

[The writer awoke on Christmas morning and found that Santa Claus had left him a pen wiper of unique pattern — a fairy little figure, gorgeously clad — and a pleasant note, dedicating all the taste and care of its preparation to so ignoble a use.]

A WIPER.

NOT such as erst in Eden wrought
For humankind such fearful trouble,
Changing its lot, with clover fraught,
For substituted chaff and stubble;
But this a simple Christmas boon
— A wipe for ink's befouling traces —
From one whose heart is all attune
With Christmas joy and Christmas graces.

I found, as morn unsealed my eyes,
What I at first supposed a fairy —
A tiny form, in gorgeous guise,
That looked remarkably like Mary;
But stony was her vacant stare,
When I, well pleased, would fain address her—
I missed the smile out-beaming there
The donor gives me — Heaven bless her!

'Tis but a trifle, well I know,
Requiring little for its buying,
But, better far than pomp or show,
The kindness that is underlying;
Profusion may attract the weak,
But 'tis a pleasure evanescent;
The cost cannot our love bespeak —
The heart must sanctify the present.

And shall those dainty garments be
Profaned by ink's tartarean touches,
And all the taste that here I see
Be marred by black, unseemly smutches?
Shall those bright eyes look sadly down,
With ever-growing perturbation,
And frown — if such can ever frown —
At such a fearful desecration?

No, Mary, by my Christmas hope,
I'll keep the boon, and choicely prize it;
'Twill newer inspiration ope,
As faithful memory sanctifies it.
And future years, should they be mine,
Shall mingle, with the Christmas chiming,
The thoughts of her in days lang syne
Who wrought the subject for my rhyming.

SABBATH-DAY REFLECTIONS.

[Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.]

O MAN! how pure, and true, and firm thou art,
And full of good resolve and purpose high,
When in the world thou'rt called to act thy part,
A man 'mongst men, beneath the common sky!

There is no power can shake thy strong defence,
Impregnable, upon a rock 'tis built;
And though fierce storms assail to drive thee thence,
Within its arms unharmed remain thou wilt.

Art thou not able? art thou not a man?
And where there's manhood must not there be might?
Alas! we reason thus, and slightly scan
The allied powers against us in the fight.

The open foes that hem about our path
We may in sturdy conflict long withstand;
We may defy their threatenings of wrath,
And dare the fury of their hostile hand.

But there be foes insidious that assail ;
 Not in the storm, nor in the battle's power,
 But where the blandest airs of life prevail,
 And in the calm of seeming safety's hour.

Amid the flowers the Passions smiling hide,
 And weave about the soul their subtle thrall,
 There in their ambuscade of ill to bide
 Till Duty's voice has no more power to call.

The strong man, maugre all his grand defence
 And resolution that no power could sap,
 Falls pronely down before the throne of sense,
 Or slumbers idly in Delilah's lap.

Thus are we taught this lesson for our good :
 To hold humility at priceless worth,
 And in the weakness of our brotherhood
 Regard the oneness of a common birth.



THE PEBBLE ON THE SHORE.

A WANDERER upon the strand
Of the wide sea, before him gleaming,
Held in his open, curious hand
A pebble, subject for his dreaming,
Picked from the white encircling sand,
Polished as if by science seeming.

He gazed upon its perfect form,
As true as though by care invested,
Wrought by the force of many a storm,
That with the shore erewhile contested,
And left, when ceased the conflict warm,
In humble beauty where it rested.

" 'Tis but a little stone," he said,
" Scarce worth a serious inspection,"
But 'through his mind the pebble sped,
And waked a train of deep reflection,
Like David's in Goliath's head,
That brought the giant to subjection.

“ Here is a truth, though simply told :
If this small pebble, idly lying,
Had never by the waves been rolled,
Its beauties none would now be spying,
But in befouling sand or mould
Its worth in darkness would be dying.

“ But, dashed by the resistless sea,
It gained its symmetry by action ;
One round of motion, constantly,
Made it a thing of satisfaction ;
This moral lesson teaching me,
That ne’er will lose its strong attraction :

“ Man, but a pebble on Time’s shore,
His soul were dead from inanition ;
Though battling waves may chafe it sore,
And make its lot a vexed condition,
It by the trial shines the more,
Needing the polish of attrition.

“ And all the beauty that it knows,
Drawn forth by toil in mercy given,
Upon the shoal in brightness shows,
— Bright in degree that it has striven ; —
At last in God’s own hand it glows,
A jewel fit to set in heaven.”

MY CRUTCH.

[When the gout prevails this implement serves me for locomotive purposes,
and also summons those who on willing and loving feet obey its call.]

A SIMPLE song I have to sing —
A grateful strain whose notes shall wing
While aches' fell brood my fibres wring
 With hideous clutch,
A simple, unpretending thing :
 I sing my crutch.

A patient friend in time of need,
Proving its truth in constant deed ;
Too noble past neglect to heed,
 — Long darkly hid, —
It comes to me with willing speed
 As soon as bid.

How grand is friendship such as its !
It vents no spleen in jealous fits,
Nor in its teeth holds hard the bits
 At fancied slight,
But waits, content, when need admits,
 To do its might.

Come to my hand again, old friend,
And thy substantial service lend ;
We'll show the limb that doth offend
 There's this about it ;
While it rebels we'll gain the end
 To do without it.

In stanchest tones thou speak'st to me,
From all offensive twattle free :
" I give myself, in love, to thee —
 On me rely ;
The failing foot and recreant knee
 I will supply.

" Thy every 'hest I will obey,
From no occasion slink away ;
I'll stick to thee both night and day,
 Nor leave again
Till health shall once more claim its sway
 And banish pain."

I am a king ! — my sceptre thou ;
My kingdom small, I must allow,
Though big enough it is, I trow,
 For present care ;
With thee I touch each boundary now.
 From my throne chair.

I hardly dare make the pretence
Of kingship in the regal sense,
Lest womanhood should take offence,

And test my claim ;
Best not let brag have prominence
When one is lame.

.
[An omission of forty-seven limpid verses.]

But best of friends are called to part ;
I trust we may, with all my heart,
For though, all goodness as thou art,
Unlike a wife,
Thou'rt not the " counsellor and chart "
I'd choose for life.

With hope to cheer the hour of pain
That health's bright sun will shine again,
When thou'rt in thy room attic lain,
My tough old friend,
I'll prize thee now with might and main
Till mine shall end.



MUSIC OF THE FLAIL.

THE music of the year is not confined
To the gay spring-time's overture of sweets,
Nor summer's breathings on the scented wind,
Nor that the ear in autumn's cadence greets.
But when the snow comes down and clothes the
plain,

And o'er the house-top roars the boisterous gale,
Above the storm and the fierce wind's refrain
Ascends the music of the thresher's flail ;
A charming minstrelsy of glad accord,
That tells of plenty and of hearty cheer ;
Of wealth and joy, the farmer's rich reward,
The crowning glory of the busy year ;
A peaceful, quiet, unpretending lay,
But pleasant music on a wintry day.

Monotonous its tone ; no mighty song
Is that which rises from the threshing-floor —
Its time but measured by the heart-beats strong
Of him who long has conned its measure o'er ;
Its only listener, maybe, the sweet bird
That sits awaiting on the frozen spray,

Or the slim weasel, that abroad has stirred,
Disturbed from his reflections in the hay.
Yet, like the rivulet, alone it pours
Its mellow accents on the passing time ;
And though no turbulence of glad encores
Bespeaks the welcome of its note sublime,
The farmer loves the simple, sinewy strain,
Whose pulses throb with measures of the grain.



THE ISLAND DEFENDERS.

["I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."]

THAT most men feel
 A warlike zeal
 And glory in feathers and glistening steel,
 Is scarce to be doubted, for everywhere,
 In cities or plains,
 We hear the strains
 Of martial music upon the air,
 And the measured tread,
 In war's parade,
 Of soldiers marching here and there.
 That is, at seasons when comfort prevails,
 And zeal isn't killed by wintry gales,
 Like those at Valley Forge which we read of,
 Where the soldiers everything were in need of,
 But courage, which never a moment ran low,
 E'en though their life-blood crimsoned the snow !
 I have a good story
 Of drums, guns, and glory ;
 Which, if you please, I would fain lay before ye.

It has always been a Nantucket boast,
Whenever war has threatened the coast,
That taking no arms for the right or the wrong
In her own defencelessness she was strong ;

A theory which I think a fact is,
And wish 'twere oftener put in practice.

But the tap of the drum
Touched the tympanum
Of the younger brood of the "Island Home,"
Who pricked up their ears with pride to hear it
In the glow of an un-Nantucket spirit —
A place supposed, because so greaseful,
It couldn't be anything but peaceful,
Like a homo very fat and lardy,
Who to quarrel is always tardy.

So the young men talked, and then they voted
That they'd be armed, and plumed, and coated,
That they would march, in summer weather,
About the peaceful isle together,
With gleaming arms and banners gay
In the custom-sanctioned soldierly way.

Then they arose
And bought their clo'es,
And guns, and all such traps as those,
Little dreaming, so well things sped,
Of such a thing as breakers ahead !

Breakers !
Hard and unbending as granite ledges
That rive the ships with their spiteful wedges,
The Quakers !

They're always somehow in the way :
 We remember in Pennsylvania,
 How the Quaker vote was looked for to win
 The game for some one, but it didn't come in !
 And up they stood
 In Friend-ly mood,
 While indignation trembling sat
 On the spacious brim of every hat,
 And swore a few,
 As Quakers do,
 That an armed band were a thing of sin
 And shouldn't, with their consent, come in !

They said, " Shall we,
 In the midst of the sea,
 Oppose ourselves to the enemy,"
 And all affirmed, " Nay, verily ;
 For invading foes would soon despoil
 All that we prize upon our soil,
 And burn with vengeance and burn our oil,
 And that wouldn't be according to Hoyle !
 Nay, verily,
 We'll let them be,
 And not have any soldierree."

Confusion seized the bosoms then
 Of those bold, warlike island men,
 Their wish rejected ;
 For the " Quaker vote " was the biggest there,
 And, through the force that numbers bear,
 Must be respected.

But one, the boldest of the whole,
With no despondency of soul,
Did thus advise :
To win the thing they had in view
And put the corps in triumph through
By compromise !

A very Daniel, all of them said,
Nantucket Island had visited !
And the wise plan
Of the astute man
Somehow in this line of argument ran :
That they'd seek a charter,
Agreeing that, arter,
When war called upon them to slay and to slaughter,
They'd throw down their arms with consciences
tender,
And disband themselves with a graceful surrender !

And thus grew the corps
On Nantucket shore
As peaceful inclined as ever before,
E'en though the drum,
And the waving plume,
And the banner, were known round the island
home.

CHILDISH VESPERS.

FATHER ! in thy loving sight,
Whether in the day or night,
Hither bend thy listening ear
And my supplication hear.

Though I'm but a little child,
Thy dear Son on children smiled,
And his spirit in my breast
Gives me hope in thee to rest.

As the night descends apace,
Fill its shadows with thy grace,
That, though seeing not, to me
All the world is full of thee.

As the moonbeams now illumine
Every corner of my room,
May thy smile its grace impart,
And with joy pervade my heart.

Keep me sinless, Father, pray,
With thy truth about my way,
Touch my eyes, that I may see
Thou art with me constantly.

Through the gloom, enfolding all,
Thou canst hear me when I call ;
Answer grant in love's increase,
And sweet consciousness of peace.



THE SEWING-CIRCLE.

NEVER was pleasanter scene nor time.
Told in story, or sung in rhyme,
Than the Sewing-circle, that common thing,
Where glad amenities grow and spring
'Neath Charity's light and loving sway,
And the magic of joy is felt alway.

Spirits of good, in concert sweet,
Mingle therein on noiseless feet,
And speak from warm lips rosy-bright,
And smile from eyes of beaming light,
And gleam along the subtle wires
With feeling that the scene inspires.

Ah, grand the circle thus combined,
For usefulness and pleasure joined !
And, gathering from life's passing hours,
A handful of its fragrant flowers,
They feel, the while, the blessed sense
Of genuine benevolence.

The nimble fingers deftly stray
Over their task in busy way,

While the glad tongue and brimming heart
Take in the busy scene a part ;
But there, beside the active show,
Enacts a scene the angels know.

For unseen fingers dexterous move,
In industry and tender love,
To weave, in texture of the soul,
Those stitches wrought in generous dole,
To form a garb the ones to bless
Who labor in unselfishness.

Thus every thought that's given the poor
Shall the kind thinker's good insure ;
For every tear of pity shed,
A gem shall there appear instead ;
And every stitch that's woven in love,
A triple bond of grace shall prove.

We all "build better than we know,"
And though things humble seem, and slow,
They may sustain a good immense
In the grand scheme of Providence ;
And e'en a simple heart-blest stitch
May be endowed with province rich.

TORN DOWN.

[A tribute to an old homestead, by one who beneath its roof experienced what all considerations of local improvement cannot reconcile him to the loss of.]

THUS sacrilegious hands are laid
 Upon thy frame, old hallowed pile ;
 My heart the havoc would have stayed,
 And saved thee for a longer while.

Thou wert my nest ; my fledglings here
 First learnt the active verb to live ;
 And love controlled the little sphere
 With all the joy that life could give —

The scene of sweet domestic rest,
 Where hope and trust together grew,
 And God's own smile was manifest
 In every trial that we knew.

Here, too, the dread Destroyer came,
 And bore the fairest from our side ;
 But resignation lit its flame,
 And soothed us when our darling died.

It bound us by still stronger ties,
And heavenly love our hearts o'erfilled ;
We dried, while looking up, our eyes,
And all rebellious feelings stilled.

O, joy and gladness of the past !
O grief, that had a mission blest !
There's glory in the retrocast
That doth the crumbling scene invest.

There, through the sundered wall, I see
The garden where my children played ;
There stood the fragrant lilac tree,
There where the pear tree cast its shade ;

There was the flower-bed, where grew
The garden gems of gorgeous dyes,
That seemed as if they beauty drew
From my dear Nannie's sunny eyes.

The grape-vine o'er the pathway hung,
Filled with the choicest purple bloom,
And roses on the still air flung
Their ecstasy of glad perfume.

'Tis gone ! the still and active life ;
The place is needed for to-day,
And all its joy and all its strife
Pass like a morning dream away.

But from possession of my heart,
In memory's consecrated shrine,
Ne'er shall that dear old scene depart
That early manhood claimed as mine.

E'en though it fade away from view,
And gone the bliss of former hours,
In sweet affection's sun and dew
Shall live again its fruits and flowers.



THE SKATERS.

I HEAR the sound of boyish laughter break
In joyous cadence on the crispy air,
Where in the sunshine gleams the burnished lake,
On whose bright surface skaters, here and there,
Their varied daring evolutions make ;
While Fun holds carnival with unction rare,
And hearts untrammelled sweet enjoyment share.

Like birds they cleave the air with graceful pose,
In self-abandon, by excitement led,
And feats of bravest merit they disclose ;
We watch admiringly the rimy thread
That follows in the track by which each goes, —
A record, by the skater to be read,
Of steady nerve and most artistic tread.

O youth ! what passion in a scene like this,
With every manly attribute aglow !
Through bold endeavor is the way to bliss,
That but triumphant excellence may know ;
Yet grasping, for the nonce, success, I wis,
Is what few here in after life will show,
Where boyhood's promise dies too oft 'neath man-
hood's snow.

The spirit lives ; but though we keenly feel
The animation of the passing scene,
And see old joys in these anew reveal,
Forgetting all the lapse of time between,
Our ear accordant with the ringing steel
That carves in monograms the crystal sheen,
We scarce could do the deeds we then achieved, I
ween.

And thus we stand in contemplation lost,
Watching and feeling all the waves of fun,
Just as the genius of the last year's frost
Might look on bud and bloom next spring-time's
sun ;
Or like some veteran soldier, battle-tost,
Who from its bracket takes his ancient gun,
And talks of strife and wounds, and tells how fields
were won.



THE CORNER POLICEMAN.

HERE I stand, out in the street,
Dressed in my uniform trim and neat,
A-cultivating my lonely beat,
In constant danger, and can't retreat,
Of being mashed to sassage meat,
To keep secure the damsels sweet,
Who cross the pave where horses fleet
Dash along with busy feet.

I takes their bridles and bids 'em whoa !
(I mean the horses I 'spose you know,)
While ladies by in safety go,
And takes 'em round the waist, to show
What protection the law can throw, —
My arm's the City of Boston, — and so,
With all benevolence aglow,
I tap my zeal and let it flow.

No matter how the cartmen swear,
The C'lossus of roads, I stand right there.
"Gentlemen," says I, "stay where you are,
While I for the young woman care.

Come here, my dear, my right arm share ;
Lean on it, I am able to bear."
Such gratitude as they declare !
But don't the teamsters tear their hair !

The danger I don't mind a mite,
If I can save the dears from fright,
Who come to me excited quite
For me to put them over right ;
'Tis wonderful how many try't !
In such a service I delight,
Regarding not the teamsters' spite,
Whose bark is far worse than their bite.

And thus I stand, 'gainst team and cart ;
My orders is my guide and chart,
Nor care a bit whose withers smart ;
Yielding to ladies arm and heart,
And doing all my gentle art,
To keep them safe where horses dart,
And drivers wending to the mart
Are held to keep ten feet apart.



THE OLD STAGE-COACH.

THE old stage-horn to the ear of the boy
Rang sharp and clear with a note of joy,
As onward rolled o'er the dusty road
The bulky stage with its human load,
And the echoing elves on hill and plain
Sent the erring music back again,
Heralding the quick approach,
To the wayside inn, of the old stage-coach.

I see it now in its stately pride,
As then before me I saw it glide ;
Its prancing coursers, as if aware
Of the glory in which they held a share,
Dashed o'er the way with a-tattoo beat
That rang out clear from their iron feet ;
The old coach rocking like ship on the sea,
And the driver the envy and joy of me.

Ah, great the pride by his side to sit,
To list to his budget of wisdom or wit ;
And of all the places by boyhood sought
To that high station all else were nought.

A charm pervaded each word he spoke,
That shone in story or sparkled in joke,
And the brightest genius was murk and dim
To the glory of fun revealed in him.

And that was the seat for the grandest view,
As by scenes of beauty the coursers flew,
While the pleasant breezes of summer bore
The breath of wild flowers the meadow o'er,
And fanned the brow that the ardent sun
Sprent with a glow of commingled dun,
Giving a boon to the outside fare
That inside swelterers could not share.

By the meadow and over the bridge,
Sinking the valley and mounting the ridge,
Hearing the carol from far away
Of the farmers busy with their hay,
Catching the shapes of the distant hills,
Marking the course of the silver rills —
This was the pleasure the passenger knew
Whom the old stage-coach bore safely through.

But the reign of the old stage-coach is o'er,
And the driver tells his tales no more ;
The iron horse takes the courser's place,
With fiery snort and rapider pace ;
The sound of the horn gives place to the bell
And the din of the whistle's warning knell,
With rush and roar of imprisoned steam,
And the old stage-coach subsides to a dream.

UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES.

THERE was a fire the other day,
And the bell in fury clanged away,
Making a loud and furious din,
Public cognizance to win.
Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire!
The noise each moment rising higher,
While at the rope, with brawny hand,
A sturdy Irishman did stand.
The people rushed in wildest mood
To where the bellman, ringing, stood.
"O, where's the fire, my man?" said they;
"At the fire," he said, and pulled away.
"And where, O man, may the fire be?"
"Never a bit I know," said he.
"Then why ring'st thou, O man of nerve?"
No whit did he from ringing swerve,
But said, as he swung the bell in air,
"Be jabbers, I don't know nor care."
Then I did marvel this man to hear,
But it all proper did appear,
Because, unto myself I said,
He only acts as he is led.

And thus it is with men and boys,
That, where you hear the greatest noise,
'Mongst those who make the biggest rout,
The least is known what 'tis about.
So he rung on till weary grown,
And then he let the belf alone.
'Tis thus with every noisy elf:
Reply not, and he dies himself.

IN the crowded street we found him,
With the busy world around him,
'Neath a potent spell that bound him,
 With suspended footstep there,
Smiling on a neighboring "winder,"
With a vision nought to hinder,
And a heart as quick as tinder,
 Caught by charms surpassing fair.

There upon him, sweetly gazing,
Were two eyes like diamonds blazing,
All his sense and soul amazing,
 And he stood like one alone,
Jostled by the people rushing,
— Heeding not the jarring, crushing,
All his soft emotions gushing, —
 Vowing he'd make her his own.

In his arms he'd fain infold her,
But his worldly-wise beholder
Seized him rudely by the shoulder,
 — Turned they on the Circe their backs ;

Leaving without ceremony, —
“Don’t you see,” he said, “you looney,
That this maid, on whom you’re spooney,
Is an image made of wax?”

YON clock — the Dutchman in the window there,
With broad-brimmed hat and spacious boots and
breeches,
Who gazes forth with ever-brazen stare —
This lesson to my comprehension teaches :
He sembles well the ones of human kind,
— The host of epicurean sinners,
Who seem to have one only thing in mind, —
A good appreciation of their dinners.
He thrusts his rotund form obscenely out,
The dial on his breast his chief attraction,
And rolls his eyes complacently about,
As though he’d done some meritorious action ;
But here’s the moral point of this my rhyme :
His thought is on his stomach all the time.

A BLUE coat ! — ah, my country’s uniform !
Here is a relic of the battle-storm —
A wounded soldier. Gallantly he stood
Where fire and death raged round him like a flood.
Not scathless, though ; the deadly missiles flew,
And stamped with martyrdom his courage true.
No more for him the dulcet strain will sound :
To lead him through the mazy’s giddy round ;
No more the agile foot will music beat

Upon the pavement of the sounding street ;
No more on eager errands will he speed
At call of love, or call of human need.
But proud his mien, escaped from war's alarms,
Who legless stands and impor-tunes for alms.
An empty sleeve is badge of honor more
Than its stout wearer e'er enjoyed before —
A hero's glory, speaking like a trump,
Just like a politician, from the stump ;
Eloquently pleading with his whole-limbed brother,
The while an organ-crank he turns with t'other.

THE wind went howling round the town,
Turning things everywhere upside down,
Ripping off roofs and chimney-tops,
And throwing bricks round thick as hops ;
The air was filled with hurtling beams,
And the water poured adown in streams ;
The steeples toppled, and falling seemed,
As the fierce gale blew and wildly screamed ;
The giant trees uprooted lay
Where the fierce tempest sped its way ;
But wonderful more than all that befell
Was the fate of the man with the umberel !
When the rain came down in angry spite,
His umberel he held upright,
And round and round the circling gale
Swept him on as if under sail.
He couldn't stop, but twirled about,
Still holding on to the handle stout,

While fear to strength new power lent,
Till the gust prevailed and up he went !
Up o'er the house-tops then sailed he,
Like a feather borne on the surging sea ;
Up and up to a fearful height,
Up and up till out of sight,
And when last seen he gave a yell,
But still held on to the umberel !
Folks looked from window and from door —
They stared ; but he appeared no more ;
They shuddered and whispered, " Who can tell
The fate of the man and his umberel ? "
Next day a mariner out at sea
Spied, away up in the canopy,
A something seeming a monstrous bird,
From which a feeble cry was heard :
" Schooner, ahoy ! — arriving tell
That you saw the man and his umberel ! "
Only a moment the man was seen,
Then melted away in the blue serene ;
And nevermore will he be found
These gay and festive scenes around,
And gossips long the tale will tell
How the man went up with his umberel !

O, THIS dismal influenza !
O, this fearful influenza !
With its cough, and cough, and coffin,
And its bronchial titillation,
While the lacerated thorax

Thrills with frequent paroxysms,
 And the nasal promontory
 Seems as large as Mount Monadnoc,
 And inflammatory ague
 With fierce pain distorts the features,
 And the quakes sternutatory,
 Threatening, strive to shake one's head off!
 All the life that moves around me
 Takes the tone of influenza,
 With its choking and its coughing,
 With its barking and its aching,
 With its ague and its cold chills,
 Redolent with blasts of east wind,
 — Blasted bad some ruffian called it, —
 Full of sin and rheumatism.

I SAW an organ grinder in the street,
 And he did turn his crank in vigorous way,
 While down about the organ grinder's feet
 There was a little sad-faced ape at play.
 Upon his form a tawdry ragged gown,
 A cap of velveteen upon his head,
 And there he stood and looked all up and down,
 For any stray remunerative "red."
 And then methought what grievous wrong was here,
 To drag this ape from native jungle bright,
 From home and friends that doubtless he held dear,
 To pick up nickels for this Israelite!
 And then the insult added to the wrong,
 Of putting on such duds to wear as those!

To move, degraded, human folks among,
In such array of ignominious clo'es !
No wonder he was sad, but still his eye
Quick wandered round with eager, anxious bent,
The first faint hint of "bucksheesh" to espy,
Just like a greyhound eager for the cent.
And here again most plainly I could scan
How bad example may corrupt the heart ;
This ape, thus through companionship with man,
Had grown corrupted in his better part.
Forgot the habits of his early days,
The customs of his early sylvan life,
He now pursues these mercenary ways,
And seeks for pennies with persistent strife.
A money-catcher in a velvet cap —
My sympathy I fear is all misplaced ;
He is no better than some broker chap
With mean cupidity and greed debased.

As I along the street did go
The while came down the powdery snow,
I saw a lady, gayly dight,
Pass o'er the pave with footstep light.
Her sprightly air, her beauteous form,
Carried my very heart by storm.
She seemed to me embodied grace,
An angel's sweetness in her face,
A complaisance almost divine,
Wherein the seraph seemed to shine.

I gazed entranced, as on she sped,
With head erect and airy tread ;
The while my heart beat fast and strong
I marked her step the path along,
When, as she pressed the treacherous glare
Of ice that clothed the pavement there,
Her feet from their adhesion tripped,
And down upon the ice she slipped !
Horrors ! the volume of my blood
Within its channels stagnant stood.
I rushed to aid her as she lay,
A helpless form upon the way ;
But, as I reached to help the maid,
I found myself beside her laid ! —
My feet had touched the glairy spot,
And down I tumbled as if shot.
She gained her feet, and laughing scorn
She gave me as I lay forlorn,
And said, “ Young man, take my advice, —
Don’t try so big a thing on ice ! ”
Then vanished from my vision’s bliss,
Nor have I seen anything of her from that
day to this.

CONDUCTOR Gilmore lay in sleep,
Calmly lay in slumber deep,
When, rattling through the concave high,
Broke the thunder of the sky.
Gilmore, in his dreaming, heard,
And his inmost soul was stirred,
For he saw before him stand

Choristers from every land,
With fiddlers, trumpeters, here come,
And ophicleide and kettle drum,
Shouting, and sounding of 'em all
In the great Peace Festival.
His soul to the occasion rose ;
His baton moved with rapid blows ;
His blazing eye with fervor burned
As this and t'other way it turned ;
When, as there came a heavier crash,
As though the world had gone to smash,
He shouted with an eager face,
Don't bear so heavy on the bass !

How dull it is ! and so are we ;
We can't shake off the lethargy
That binds us down, do what we may,
Upon this rainy, dismal day.

The skies are black, our feelings blue ;
The sloppy clouds are leaking through,
And rain-drops spatter every way
Upon this rainy, dismal day.

We cannot think, we cannot talk,
We cannot run, we cannot walk ;
And here immured we're forced to stay
Upon this rainy, dismal day.

No neighbor comes with kindly word,
No friendly salutation's heard,
But all is dark, without one ray
To cheer this rainy, dismal day.

And worse than everything to tell
 Somebody's stole our umberel ;
 O Fate ! the camel's back gives way
 Upon this rainy, dismal day.

If you wish to know what you should do
 At church, the mercury ninety-two,
 Sit right down in your cushioned pew,
 With the cool air drawing freshly through,
 And put your feet upon the seat
 And lean your body in manner meet,
 Then fix your eyes on the parson's face
 As if you'd note his words of grace ; —
 But the sound of his voice is all you hear,
 That comes like a hum to your Sunday ear ;
 Make no effort to catch his theme ;
 'Tis a murmur of waters afar you deem ;
 Then as its drone on your ear doth sweep,
 Drop off gently, calmly to sleep ;
 And the preacher will vow, as he sees you there,
 With your solemn and very reverent air,
 That, of all his flock that are based upon rock
 He hasn't another like you, old cock.

MRS. BEN BLIFKINS (may she ne'er grow less)
 Awoke one night with nightmare, in distress,
 And saw within the quiet of her room,
 While from his meerschaum poured a rich perfume,
 Her Blifkins writing in a little book ;
 Excessive sharpness made her keenly look,

And to her Benja. wonderingly she said, —
“What are you writing?” Blifkins raised his head,
And, with a smile expressing more than words,
Replied, “The names of those who love their lords.”
“And is mine one?” said she. “Nay, ne’er a show.”
Then, with a voice significantly low,
She said, “Take up your pencil now, my pet,
And write me one who loves to make ’em fret.”
Blifkins thus wrote and vanished in the night,
But came in soon with a big camphene light,
And lo! among the names a fret confest,
Mrs. B. Blifkin’s name led all the rest.

O GLORIOUS Fourth! how patriotism fires
 (Confound your slow-match, careless boy!) to
 hear the
Music of this grand morn, whose note inspires
 (You tin horn tooter, would that I were near
 thee!)

A feeling such as influenced our sires,
 When they the British yoke (plague take that
 cracker!)

Threw off, and gained thee — theme for all our
 lyres!

 (Pah! what a puff of villanous tobacco!)

Hail to the day! — let the grand cannon roar,
 (Ha! that concussion my frail window shatters!)

Let the triumphal bells their tocsin pour,
 (Bless me! my tender nerves are torn to tatters!)

Let our proud banner brush the bending sky —
(Let those endure who can, but I must fly.)

An admirer of Tennyson, who has done considerable in the tender-line business with a butcher, received a letter, that was couched in rather bilious language, enclosing a bill from him; whereupon the feeder sat down and wrote the following in reply, which those who are familiar with the laureate's "Spiteful Letter" will appreciate: —

ON A BUTCHER'S LETTER.*

HERE, it is here — the close of the year,
And with it a butcher's letter.
My appetite strong has done him wrong,
For himself he should have done better.

* ON A SPITEFUL LETTER.

Here, it is here — the close of the year,
And with it a spiteful letter.
My fame in song has done him much wrong,
For himself has done much better.

O foolish bard, is your lot so hard,
If men neglect your pages?
I think not much of yours or of mine:
I hear the roll of the ages.

This fallen leaf, isn't fame as brief?
My rhymes may have been the stronger.
Yet hate me not, but abide your lot:
I last but a moment longer.

O faded leaf, isn't fame as brief?
What room is here for a hater?
Yet the yellow leaf hates the greener leaf,
For it hangs one moment later.

Greater than I, — isn't that your cry? —
And I shall live to see it.
Well, if it be so, so it is, you know;
And if it be so — so be it!

O summer leaf, isn't life as brief?
But this is the time of hollies.
And my heart, my heart is an evergreen:
I hate the spites and the follies.

O foolish chap, you aren't up to trap,
When men forget to pay you.
I think you're an ass, — 'twixt you and me, —
I hear the town bewray you.

This written leaf, is it all for beef?
My stomach ne'er was stronger.
You hate me not, but stopped my scot,
And wouldn't trust me longer.

O written leaf, where's all the beef?
What room is here for question?
Yet the blotted leaf mocks the unwritten leaf,
And brags of good digestion.

Bigger than I — isn't that your cry?
You'll make my optics see it!
Well, go it so — if so you know,
And when it's so, so be it.

O blotted leaf, isn't life a thief?
But I shall still be jolly.
And my heart and my palate shall turn elsewhere :
I cut you and your folly.

SUPPOSE the spear of grass should say,
"What's the use of my growing, hey?
I'm of no account, any way;
I shall not add to the world's heyday;
So what's the use of my being, say?"
O, what a green, inconsiderate ass
We'd count this doubting spear of grass!
For the many like it make up the mass,

And many littles bring all to pass.
 Now we can plainly the moral see
 Apply to the human family :
 The least, however small he may be,
 To form the whole is necessaree.
 This moral, we know, is very old,
 But then it was never better told.

My friend had on a coat quite seedy ;
 He was not poor, he was not needy,
 And much upon the thing I pondered,
 And much and more again I wondered
 Why he wore that coat so seedy
 When he was not poor nor needy.
 "Friend," quoth I, "though there's no harm
 in't,
 Why dost wear that seedy garment?"
 Then my friend turned to me quicker,
 And he broke into a snicker :
 "For this reason, and no other, —
 To cover up my back, my brother."
 Then I wondered more and more
 I hadn't thought of this before.

WHEN June's hot sun pours down in fervid beams
 In striking beams, that knock a mortal down,
 Or make the perspiration flow in streams,
 In regal streams, descending from the crown, —
 My mind recalls a fat and jovial one,
 A jovial one that I did call my friend,
 Who melted on a time, 'neath such a sun,

'Neath such a sun, just like a candle end.
I saw him for a moment stand alone —
Stand all alone beneath a hat of straw ;
A moment more and on the sidewalk stone,
That reeking stone, my wondering visuals saw
A heap of clothes, suspenders, hat, and boots,
An empty wicker-flask, and twenty choice cheroots.

ALL the day, all the day,
There sits an old man o'er the way ;
His locks are thin, and scant, and gray.

A plaided cloak his shoulders bear,
With rifts and patches here and there,
A title page of seedy care.

The pedals of the mortal old
In winter's air are very cold ;
So a basket doth them hold.

An old fur cap is on his head,
From which the nap has long time fled,
As 'twere a conscience-haunted bed.

A pleasant smile his face reveals,
That no obscuring cloud conceals ;
He smiles like one who happy feels.

All the day, all the day,
Sits the plaided old man gray,
Selling apples o'er the way.

A little handful all his store,
Never waning, never more ;
Like that old fairy purse of yore.

What he thinks no man may know —
 Whether feels he joy or woe,
 Reason's light or fancy's glow.

Doubtless memory sheds its ray,
 Like a dreamlight round his way,
 But his hopes! — O, what are they?

But, whate'er his hope or aim,
 What his rank, or what his name,
 He's our brother all the same.

Help him, ye of good intent,
 Help the old man pay his rent;
 Stop ye, and invest a cent!

And the copper coin thus given,
 Aiding him who here has striven,
 May be counted gold in heaven.

LITTLE troubles are by these defined:
 A creaking hinge upon a window blind;
 A door slam-banging in the evening wind;
 A snappish cur assailing you behind;
 A thing forgotten you can't call to mind;
 A talky woman scandally inclined;
 A skein of cotton given you to wind;
 A favorite dish remembered when you've dined;
 A vine of ivy 'mid your grapes entwined;
 A note to meet, you for a friend have signed;
 A fork at dinner time, but singly tined;
 A horse you've purchased, anything but kind;
 A taste of lamp-oil with your tea combined;

A stupid sell for your own self designed ;
A hidden thought some woman has divined ;
A person deaf and doggedly opined ;
A hope of cheese and only get the rind ;
A hideous thing where beauty late was shrined.

A PRINCESS marries ! Lord, the fuss they make !
As if 'twere something that was far from common,
That royal flesh and blood should deign to make
A royal wife, just like another woman !
They hang around the deed a tinsel show,
As if to hide its humanly appearing —
As if there were, the gorgeous veil below,
No heart of flesh, all hoping, loving, fearing.
Great Nature ! equal art thou in thy works ;
Thou'st given to all like qualities of feeling ;
Perhaps disguised in royal bosoms lurks
A world of passion deeper for concealing.
The heart of woman throbs beneath the crown,
As 'neath the hat of straw and cotton gown.

I WROTE within an album once sweet things
Of one I loved — how madly ! I was young,
And Cupid buzzed about with busy wings,
And tempted me perplexing ways among.
I bowed at that one shrine — my heart laid down,
And an eternal faithfulness I swore ;
She was my monarch — love gave her a crown —
And I, her subject, went in to adore.

I know not how it was, but soon a cloud
 Came o'er my spirit as I older grew ;
 The crown was changed, and squandered in a crowd
 Was all the love that young affection knew.
 I dodged the trap that early romance laid,
 But didn't make much by it, I'm afraid.

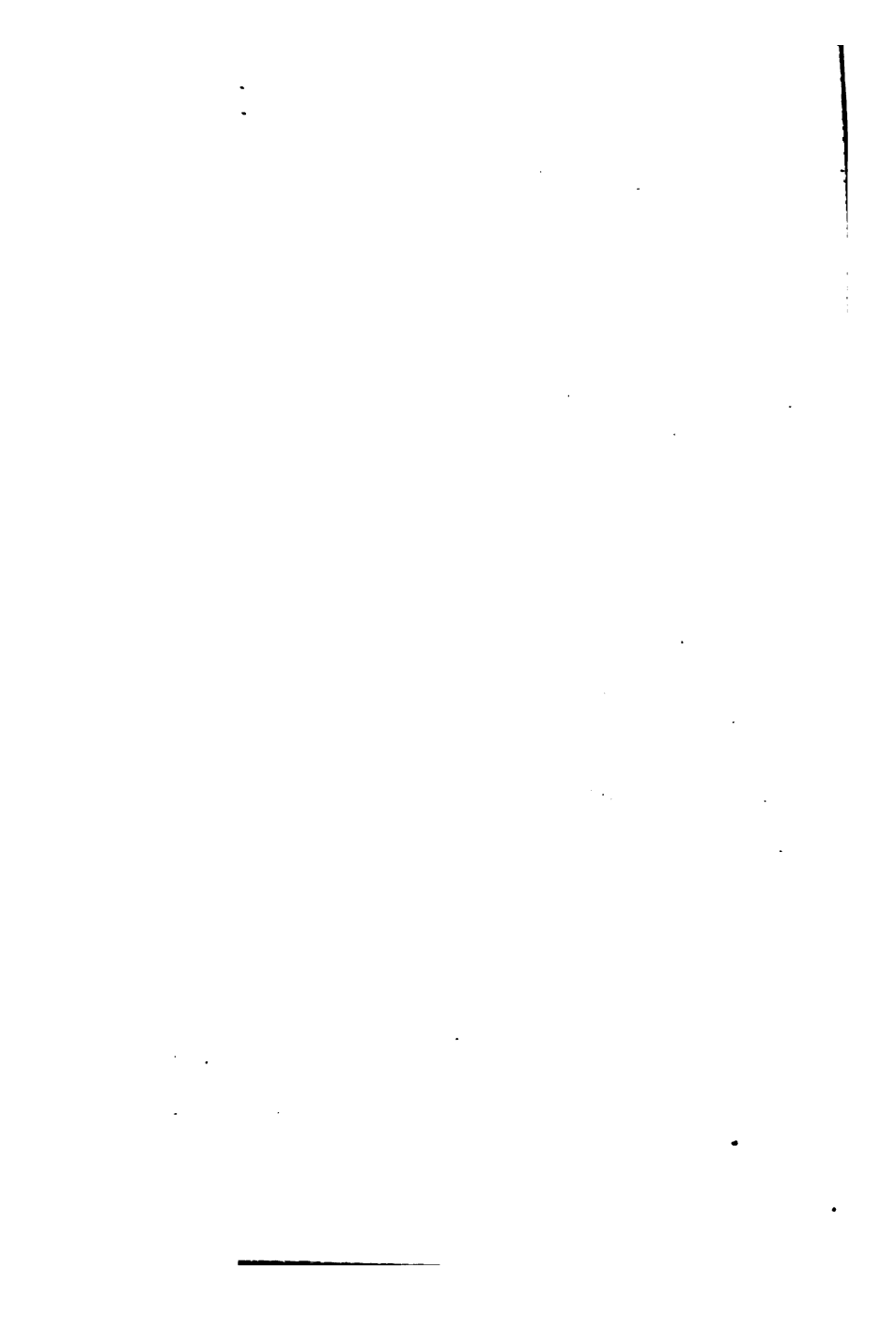
OF all the features humanly appearing,
 That divers ways the character bespeak,
 Not one I know in any way is nearing
 The quality of good, substantial cheek.
 Men may have claims to place ; but vain they seek
 Advancement with this rival in the way :
 Back to retiracy they baffled sneak,
 While cheek triumphantly achieves the day.
 How oft we see it in victorious sway,
 In church or state, society or mart !
 Whatever intellect or worth may say,
 Cheek sweeps the board ; the others set apart.
 " Win " is the word the winds in waiting shriek,
 When wealth and brains in vain compete with cheek.

HOGARTH affirmed the line of beauty lay
 In curves, and may be he was in the right ;
 But I affirm, myself, despite his say,
 That other lines give full as much delight.
 His zigzag crook attracts a crooked mind ;
 But what so gracefully the eye may fill
 As that great evidence of taste refined,
 The straight-lined shaft that graces Bunker Hill?

The line of beauty is that, after all,
Which we, as independent freemen, choose ;
He who sees beauty in a flat brick wall
Of course old Hogarth's dogma will refuse.
Show me a beauty rarer, more divine,
Than that of a good, paying railroad line.

THERE is a picture, pinned against my wall,
Of one, a printer, managing his " case : "
He deftly wields a " stick," I think they call
The implement that holds the types in place.
A patient face, with eyes intently bent
Upon the " copy " plainly held in view ;
His lips compressed as though his soul were lent
To pierce the ink-traced mystery through and
through.
Ah, grand old type ! my spirit bows to thee,
Although the world thy merit cannot own ;
I in thy toil a benefaction see,
That tends to human good, and that alone :
But, like the quadruped that once did bear
Unknowingly the world's salvation, he don't care.





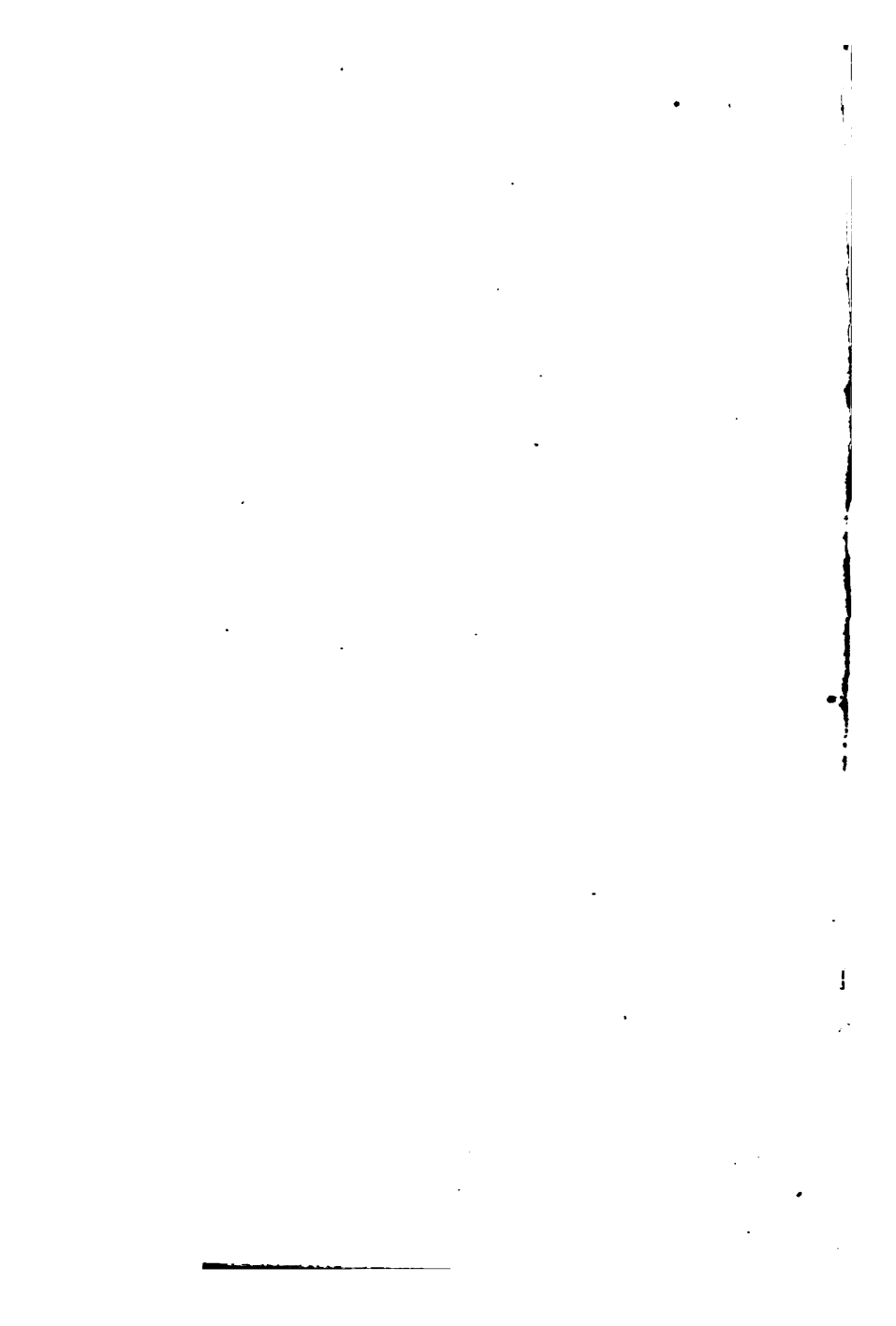
PARTINGTONIAN PATCHWORK.

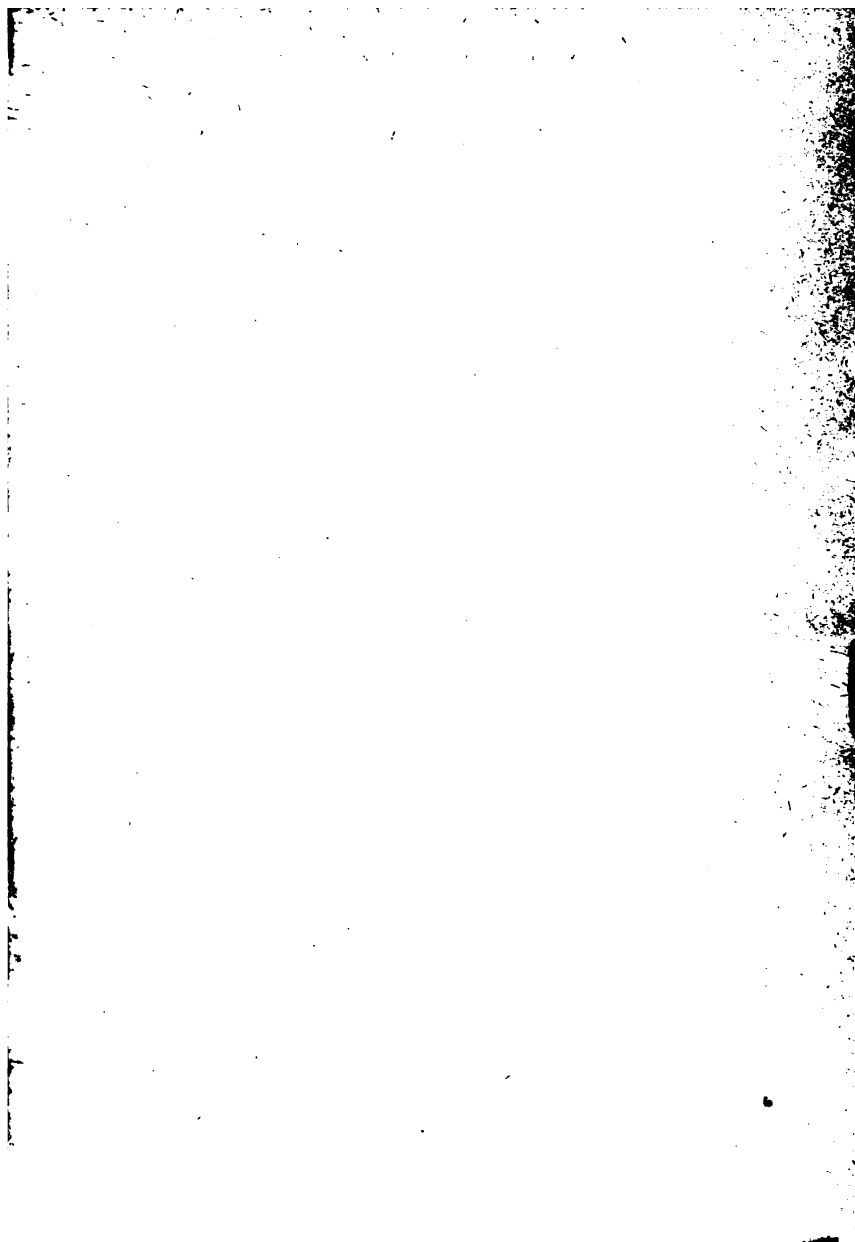
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